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by Fred Branfman

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Vol. 12, No. 5 December, 1973

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2054 University Avenue
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Telephone: Area Code 415
Subscription 845-8859
Business 845-8807
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Marca Registrada

Printed Back Issues Available from RAMPARTS

Indexed in Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature and Alternative Press Index.

Microfilm Back Volumes Available from University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, Mich.

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Letters

[THOUGHTS ON WATERGATE]

Editors/Nixon's Watergate henchmen were operating under a standard American assumption. Since the days of the Foreign Agent Registration Act and before, Americans have assumed that radicals who wanted to change the political or economic system of the country in any basic way were advocating the destruction of the country itself or its takeover by a foreign power, and were therefore outside the realm of politics proper. Whereas in most non-fascist countries the name "socialist" is a proud boast, here socialism is more likely to be thought of as a deadly disease than as a political/economic theory.

Neither Johnson nor Nixon perceived the upheaval of the '60s as political in any way they could understand, and it was quite natural for Nixon to see all that unrest as inspired by foreign powers. Make the identification of the mildly reformist George McGovern with those "liberal communists" exercising their First Amendment rights to petition the government for the redress of grievances, and you have all the justification you need for violating both the law and the Constitution to ensure the Democratic nominee's defeat. From this point of view, the McGovern campaign *was* a threat to national security.

Paul Brians
Pullman, Wash.

[CHILDREN OF IRELAND]

Editors/We had hoped that in our article on "Belfast's Children of Violence," (*Ramparts*, October 1973) you would mention that the origin of the paintings lay in our film about the conflict, "A Place Called Ardoyne." As it is one of the few radical films on Northern Ireland available in this country, we felt *Ramparts* readers would be interested to know of its existence. Relating life and poor conditions in the Catholic community of Ardoyne to the larger role of Britain's colonial past, the film is now available from Impact Films, New York/San Francisco.

David & Philip Thompson
Santa Monica, Calif.

[TWO WOMEN]

Editors/Whatever inspired you to publish "Two Women" [*Ramparts*, October '73]? What a tasteless, content-less, pathetic piece of trash. You seem to have political standards, but where are your literary standards? If we wanted to read that sort of embarrassing, sensational, C-grade crap, we'd subscribe to *True Confessions*.

Jean Schiffman
Berkeley, Calif.

[A GOOD ISSUE]

Editors/Your October issue was "a sight for sore eyes." after all that Jimmy the Greek-New Mysticism, etc. crap, I thought you, too, were going the commercial path of FM-radio, *Rolling Stone*, et. al.

Please don't feel the need to fill the empty space of LOOK-LIFE. I don't miss them. I would definitely miss *Ramparts*.

Bob Quartell
Chicago, Ill.

[WHAT IS TO BE DONE]

Editors/Watergate could not have been even a historical possibility without the New Left. If any here amongst us can remember back that far, it was around the time of Chicago that the theory evolved that we can end the war by bringing the war back home, i.e. making the social consequences of the war so appalling and disturbing that the ruling elites would decide that saving the social fabric of America was more important than all the economic and military potential of Vietnam. Of course we prolonged the war. Can there be any doubt that without a peace movement to, in effect, make certain military means unacceptable to the American public and thus to circumscribe the military options open to Johnson and Nixon and their advisers, the war would have long been over?

The anti-war movement wasn't a mistake or a failure, and history will surely prove that we achieved a great deal. But for many reasons, in the aftermath it seems we're incapable of understanding what we did accomplish. Perhaps it's due to our own lack of understanding of history, particularly America. Look at it this way. . . . we were expecting, or hoping, to actually produce a revolution within a short matter of years. In Europe this is feasible; in Latin America, with CIA help, it is easy. But in America the political spectrum has been truncated. . . . in American history, there have only been temporary bursts and occasional sputters of left-wing activity.

The anti-war movement started what seems now to be the beginning of a historical Left in America, something that, a hundred years from now could totally reconfigure American politics. The horror stories of Watergate and Vietnam have created a tremendous distrust for official

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statements, and opened a public eye to lies that used to be unquestioningly accepted.

There is a mammoth historical opening here, out of which a permanent Left in American politics could form. A massive, social-democratic, progressive, radic-lib, etc. section of the political spectrum between liberals *a la* John Lindsay and the radical core of the Movement. It comes out of Watergate, and Watergate could never have happened if we hadn't done what we did: End the war through social disruption which brought on a right wing reaction that took us, as it turned out in reality not just in radical rhetoric, to the brink of real totalitarianism. That brink has shaken up a lot of people—in the quiet sense of sitting at home watching the telly and realizing that WE—America, Apple Pie, Mom, the Constitution, Freedom, Liberty Bell, 1776 and all the other half legends, half truths—could become a corrupt grubby little dictatorship.

What does the Movement (if there is one) do under such circumstances?

What does Ramparts do?

Well, you people might give up on the counterculture as a locus of opposition. Look for other loci of opposition that might evolve. Without giving up on the students, look maybe to grease hippies, working class hippies along entirely new lines of argument. Go for the disillusioned housewife; go for the young middle level management who has already been radicalized and psychedelicized and now is a liberal pot smoker cynic.

Poll your readership! Goddamn, they know better than you do what's happening in their lives, communities. If Ramparts is radical beyond plan ideology, start *real* communication with your audience. Ask your readership if you can publish your mailing list by area; one whole issue of state by state addresses—and let them—US—use those names and addresses for community-issue organizing. If there is anything left of the Movement, it is decentralized; it exists in individual heads, one by one. Help them make the connection.

There is a historical chance open here, and we're guaranteed to blow it unless we at least start by giving hope and suggesting possibilities. Nixon may not be impeached, probably won't be, but just how far the situation goes depends on a lot of things. There was a time WE used to be one of those factors.

And perhaps that's my last word—the radical left, or the individuals who made it up, have got to understand that a revolution isn't made in a decade based upon no existing left wing history, structure and widespread ideological acceptance. When it comes it transcends all of that, but it can't happen without them. Now is the chance to start (or continue, from the peace movement) to build such a basis, if we can shake off the bad dream somnambulance.

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Joel Gallob
Flushing, N.Y.

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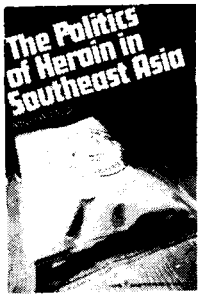

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Vietnam:

The POW'S We Left Behind

by Fred Branfman

Most of my friends are now in prison or exile. We who are not are afraid to write or speak openly, opposition parties have just been prohibited from running for the Senate." The man speaking pauses. His eyes go dim. "Do you understand? When I think that things might continue like this forever, I feel myself going mad. We need not die here to know the meaning of Hell. You must do something."

Saigon, July 1973. A man regarded as one of South Vietnam's greatest writers speaks these words. They are typical of what I hear during a seven-week inquiry into Saigon's political prisoners.

I thought that I had some idea of the scope of the issue before I came. I knew, for example, that Amnesty International—scarcely a radical group—estimates that South Vietnam has at least 100,000 political detainees, five times as many as the Soviet Union, Brazil, Greece and Turkey combined. Arriving in Saigon, however, I find that such statistics have not prepared me for the world I have entered. Only as they become human beings do I begin to understand.

"Do we stand by . . . and leave the South Vietnamese to a long night of terror? . . . abandoning our commitment in Vietnam here and now would mean turning 17,000,000 South Vietnamese over to communist terror and tyranny . . . To the people of South Vietnam: You shall continue to have our firm support in your resistance to aggression . . . It is your will that will shape the future of your country."

—President Richard Nixon announcing Haiphong blockade, May 8, 1973

Fred Branfman, Director of the Indochina Resource Center in Washington, spent many years in Indochina. He is author of Voices from the Plain of Jars *(Harper and Row).*

June 28, 1973, I visit Father Chan Tin. A Catholic priest, best known for his cheerfulness and constant protests on behalf of political prisoners, he heads a committee devoted to their release. He is not cheerful today.

He explains that he has just been visited by the father of Mrs. Tran Thi Tam, a 38-year-old woman from Danang. Mrs. Tam had been in Saigon visiting relatives. On June 21 her family saw her off on an airport bus bound for a flight back home. She never arrived. On June 27 the father received a telegram from the police. His daughter had committed suicide at Military Police headquarters, it said. He had come to Chan Tin after receiving the body of his daughter. Her tongue was swollen, her face black.

Why was she arrested? I ask. Who is responsible? What can be done? Nobody knows, Chan Tin explains. Mrs. Tam, a quiet divorcee with a five-year-old son, has never been involved in politics. The family thinks the only possibility is that her arrest was the result of her rejecting a policeman. But they do not know. I must understand, he says. Such things are common here. And when they occur, there is no way to discover the truth.

He hands me two photographs. In the first Mrs. Tam, an ordinary woman dressed in the traditional Ao Dai, is squinting into the camera. The other, of her son, shows a little boy carrying a book bag. He is wearing suspenders and large tinted sunglasses. I look at the photos and try to understand. I never really do. After hearing dozens of such stories, however, a pattern begins to form. I am being told of a system of nationwide surveillance, arrest without warning, interrogation by torture, sentence without evidence, imprisonment without mercy.

son of Mrs. Tran Thi Tam

A Catholic university professor explains that his classes are peopled by dozens of informers. "One day," he explains, "one of my students came to me in tears. He told me that he had been forced by the police to report on my lectures or face immediate induction into the army." "After my release from prison two months ago," a labor-union leader says, "I visited the families of men who had been with me in prison. I was careful to see I was not being followed. A week later I was re-arrested. The police showed me photos they had taken secretly of my visits to each house."

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One hot July night I find out for myself. In bed by the midnight curfew, I am sleeping soundly at 2 a.m. Suddenly, I am awakened by loud banging on the door; persistent ringing of the doorbell, a flashlight shining in my eyes through the curtain. A voice is shouting, "Police. Open up." Stumbling to my feet I open the door and two policemen march in. No warrant. No explanations. One looks under the bed, in the closet and bathroom, rifles through my papers. The other demands my I.D. A few minutes later they leave, going on to the next room in the large apartment house where I stay. Unable to fall asleep, I hear them going from room to room until about 4 a.m.

Vietnamese and long-time foreign residents tell me the next day that this is a normal early-morning occurrence. Each night thousands of police fan out through the cities and hamlets of Vietnam conducting similar no-knock raids. Their day-time equivalents are the uniformed police in dark sunglasses I see on every streetcorner. Their main task is to regularly wave down passing motorists and check their I.D. cards. Every citizen in South Vietnam has an I.D., and must carry it at all times. Each is linked to a central computer containing over 11 million bio-dossiers for all Vietnamese over 15.

[NO JUSTICE, NO MERCY]

Interviewing over a dozen relatives of political prisoners, I soon find out that the Vietnamese are not as fortunate as American visitors. They are arrested at home, at work, at school, in the market, snatched off Hondas on the street.

Interviewing 16 former political

Nguyen Thi Phuong-Thao

prisoners, I learn that they dread most the period after arrest and before prison. The police call it interrogation. The prisoners call it torture.

An afternoon with three former prisoners is typical. A 16-year-old girl named Thao describes how she was stripped naked, beaten on the breasts and back, as the police demanded she confess to crimes she says she did not commit, accuse friends she felt were blameless. Held at the central police interrogation center for a month, she was kept in a dark airless cell with just enough room to lie down over the hole which served as her toilet.

A 25-year-old student then describes his interrogation period. Needles were forced under his fingernails. A fan was blown to vibrate them. This was the most painful torture, he says. Electric shocks were administered to his genitals and ears. This did the most damage. His nervous system and heart have not yet recovered, he says.

Suddenly the door opens. I look up to see a man crawl on his backside into the sunny room where we sit. He is lifted up onto the couch beside me. He is 42, he explains, and spent nine years in the Tiger Cages of Con Son out of a 14 year prison term. Arrested back in 1959, the thing he remembers most about his interrogation was the water treatment. Tied down on his back, soapy water was poured down his throat until his stomach swelled like a balloon. He had a sensation of drowning. The interrogator then jumped on his stomach, forcing the water out through his nose and mouth. He felt as if he were suffocating.

As he talks, Thao feels faint, begins swaying in her chair. She has been released the day before. Refusing at first, she finally agrees to lay in a bed in the next room. The young student begins massaging his heart periodically, taking in air in deep gulps.

The older man continues. Shackled nine years to an iron rod until his legs wasted away. A bowl of rice and a cup of filthy water a day. No medical care. Protests against these conditions met with beatings by common-law criminals who were rewarded by guards for doing so, tear gas grenades fired into cell by Military Field Police, burning lime thrown from above, left to burn the skin for days. Did he have a trial? I ask. He explains that he was brought before a court in 1962, three years after his arrest. His trial lasted ten minutes; 20 other people were sentenced that day. He received 20 years.

On July 3, I decide to attend a trial. I go to Bach Dang naval yards in downtown Saigon, where the Military Field Tribunal sits. I am told that this is the main court used to try political prisoners.

After a wait of 15 minutes, five men in military uniforms enter and sit on a raised platform. One is wearing dark sunglasses. "Those are the judges," my interpreter whispers. The man in civilian clothing to their right, also on a raised platform, is the prosecutor.

The trial begins. The accused, a young man of 16, is brought in and stands on the floor below the judges and prosecutors. The judge begins reading what my interpretor explains is the accusation drawn up by the police. Periodically, he stops and asks if the defendant has any objections. Suddenly, the judge begins shouting at the defendant. "He is not happy because the young man denied one of the charges," explains the interpreter. After ten minutes, the prosecutor takes over. He beings questioning in a normal voice. Suddenly he starts to scream, shocking the entire courtroom. "The same thing?" I ask. My interpreter nods his head. After five minutes, the prosecutor stops. A young man dressed in a long black gown comes up and stands next to the accused. He murmurs something barely audible, and steps down. The defendant is dismissed. "That's the lawyer. Hé begged for the mercy of the court," I am told.

Another defendant is brought up. The process is repeated. This goes on until 22 people have appeared before the court. After a brief recess, the chief judge returns to read the sentences

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF "WE ACCUSE," INDOCHINA MOBILE EDUCATION PROJECT

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for the people tried that morning.

Throughout my stay, Mr. Bui Bao Truc, the Saigon press spokesman, issues daily denials of prison mistreatment. Allegations of torture are untrue, he says. Father Chan Tin is a spokesman for the Communists. The press will be visiting Con Son soon. It is not true that outsiders are denied access to the prisons.

I go to visit a western journalist who has lived in South Vietnam for three years. "Last week was the second anniversary of the government's announcement that journalists will be visiting Con Son soon," he laughs. He goes on to list those who have asked in recent months to visit prisons and have been turned down: staff members of the U.S. Senate Subcommittee on Refugees, two Bishops (Gumbleton of the U.S. and Belanger of Canada), journalists, the Red Cross.

In the beginning of July the Government issues an official "White Paper" on the prisons. Spokesmen have described it in advance as a definitive rebuttal to mounting international protest over political prisoners. Coming to page 19, I read:

Periodically ... the International Red Cross send inspection teams which visit the centers and subsequently submit reports about their respective conditions.

On July 3 I visit the International Red Cross building in Saigon. I am told that they have not visited the prisons for the past 16 months. I am given a press release which states in part:

Because of the restrictions imposed by the government of Saigon on the visits of its delegates in the places of civilian detention ... [the Red Cross] decided in March 1972 to suspend these visits.

A friend suggests that I interview Father Tran Van Thong, the Catholic chaplain of Chi Hoa prison. A firm supporter of the Government, editor of an aggressive anti-Communist newspaper, he has nonetheless been known to talk frankly in private.

Father Thong agrees to see me. I begin by asking about the food. "The prisoners only receive about 10 U.S. cents of food a day," he explains chuckling. "In principle, they receive meat, fish, rice. But what kind of meat and fish? In reality, they have almost nothing to eat but a little poor-quality rice. It's only a symbolic meal," he finishes up, laughing loudly.

What about the stories of torture? "Is there not torture in your country also?," he begins sharply. Then, beginning to chuckle again, he says, "I do not think that our guards are sheep. Yes, I can assure you that there is torture here. But even I don't know much about it. Most of it takes place in secret, at the interrogation centers."

"The prisoners on Con Son are allowed in their free time to cultivate vegetable patches and/or raise pigs and other domestic animals ... [They] also have their volleyball hours on Sunday ... A good number of inmates are allowed outside their camps with a minimum of supervision to do farmwork ... animal husbandry ... carpentry and fishing ...

Thus, in many ways, if Con Son today is a breathtaking island it is due in no small measure to the labor put in by the inmates of the re-education center out there."

—Official Saigon "White Paper" on political prisoners, National Commission of Information, Saigon, June 1973, pages 19-20.

He says that there are political prisoners at Chi Hoa prison. "But sometimes they are not really political prisoners," he explains. "For example, perhaps they were taken during operations in their villages by American soldiers. Before, the Americans would arrest everyone when they entered a village." There are 635 children under 16 at Chi Hoa now, most of them picked up for stealing. There are also 80 babies under the age of 5 at Thu Duc women's prison, held together with their mothers.

[NGUYEN THI MAN]

I have but one opportunity during my stay to meet people presently in prison, and on that day I come closest to understanding what this whole issue really means. A group of relatives and friends are going out to visit four young women in a hospital ward for prisoners. They were students active with Father Chan Tin's Committee, and are now in the hospital after having received serious beatings for protesting prison conditions. I am invited to come along.

After entering the hospital grounds, we proceed to a small building with bars on the windows. A guard at the door lets us pass. As we enter the ward, the women we have come to see approach and greet us, happy and excited. One frail, lovely women, however, remains seated on the cement floor in the back of the room.

I ask a friend why she remains seated. She cannot walk unassisted, he says. She is 22 now, and except for one year has been in jail since she was 17. Imprisoned in a Tiger Cage from 1969-71, she could not walk when released. Although she later regained use of her legs. she has suffered a relapse after being re-arrested in November 1972. She has had TB since her first arrest. Her name is Nguyen Thi Man.

We gather in a group around Man, who is as happy as the rest to see us. She sits quietly erect, tends to listen more than talk. What will she do when released, I ask at one point. "If there is peace, I will return to my studies," she answers. What does she want most in life? "Peace and Independence for my country," she answers. Does she have any regrets? "No. What has happened to me is unimportant compared to what so many Vietnamese have been through. I've only done what I believe is right. I would do it again." Our conversation is terminated as the guard comes up and tells us we must leave.

That night I ask Chan Tin to tell me more about Man. He knows her and her family well, he says. She had little political motivation before her first arrest back in 1968. Her main interest was social work. She was particularly active, for example, in helping victims after the 1968 Tet Offensive. She was aware then of the cultural impact of the war, and would talk about watching American soldiers riding slowly on an open truck, spitting on the Vietnamese as they went. She was particularly upset at seeing Americans with Vietnamese bargirls. She said she thought that the Americans regarded them as playthings, as things to be bought.

She was arrested the first time at random in the street. The policeman who arrested her demanded money. She had none. If she had, she would have been released. Instead, she was

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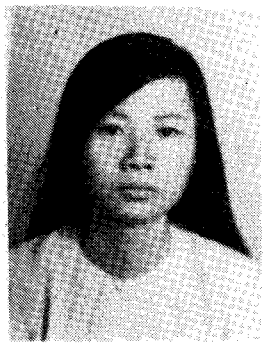

Nguyen Thi Man

brought to the police station and caught up in the system. In prison, she began to change politically, as so many do. When Man was released in 1971, Chan Tin was struck by how she had changed. There was, for example, a center for sick and paralyzed ex-prisoners, and even before she could walk, Man never missed a meeting, was the first to cook, help the sick, console the discouraged. Unlike many her age, she was not simply against Thieu or American intervention. She had developed a strong cultural identity in prison, a genuine love of her people and country.

After her second arrest in November 1972, Man was brought to Tan Hiap prison. At that time, prison authorities were refusing to allow family visits or care in the infirmary. One night in January, Man led some 15 prisoners into the dispensary. They barricaded themselves in, writing slogans on the wall with mercurochrome. While the guards were trying to break in, Man sent out a letter to the Director written in her own blood demanding better treatment. Although she was severely beaten for it, their protest succeeded.

"HERMAN: Would you allow an . . . International Red Cross Examination (to) examine freely those prisons and make a report to the world on them?

"PRESIDENT THIEU: Yes. Yes.

"HERMAN: You would, then, you say, welcome a team to inspect . . .?

"PRESIDENT THIEU: Anyone, even yourself, if you would like to go through Vietnam right away."

–President Thieu responding to CBS newsman Herman's questions on "Face the Nation," April 8, 1973.

I think of Man often after this discussion. The night I leave Saigon I go to visit a Vietnamese friend to say good-bye. He has just received a letter from Man, in which she has written:

I cannot sleep tonight. So I take some paper to write some words to you. Tomorrow will be the 20th of July, the date of the signing of the 1954 Geneva Treaty. We will organize talk and cultural sessions among ourselves. We will celebrate all the day, singing, laughing and perhaps not sleeping the whole night. So you see, we suffer much but sometimes we have a good time also. . . .

Wherever I am, I always keep my ideals, to struggle for the peace and independence of my country. Everywhere I am, I am in in Vietnam, my own country, surrounded by my own people the Vietnamese.

I do suffer when I think of my family, for I did not help them. On the contrary, I have upset them very much.

But I could not continue my studies. How could I think of thousands of my people dying unknown in this war and remain quiet?

I believe now though that we will have peace in a short time. I will go to school and help my family. I think there is still time.

But even if I must die in prison in the end it will be worthwhile. All human beings must die once. But if we have the chance to die for an ideal, I think that we would all choose this kind of death.

Do you know? When I think like this, I forget all my sickness. When people are happy and satisfied, all of their sickness disappears.

I have forgotten to ask how you are. I heard you are trying to become wealthy and fat. Is it true? When I met you the other day, I could confirm that you have become dignifiedly plump. I think that in a short time you will not be able to enter the prison door anymore.

It is almost morning. So I will stop now. I hope to write more letters to you soon.

How long is her sentence in prison, I ask. "Ten years," is the answer.

I leave Saigon with 1300 pages of notes from 84 interviews with present and former prisoners, relatives, lawyers, intellectuals. I have 500 pages of documents, tapes and drawings. I have learned much. But not, as it turns out, enough.

Two weeks later I went to a cocktail party in Washington, D.C. and talked with a concerned, informed Senatorial aide, who had drawn up the first stop-the-bombing amendment in March 1971. "This time around," he explained to me, "things have changed." His Senator was not interested in doing anything on political prisoners. "People are tired of the war now. They don't want to think about it anymore. They want it to be over." I found myself wishing I had the words to explain to him Nguyen Thi Man is still in prison. Not only for her sake, but for his. ■

Women in tiger cages at Con Son. Five women are confined in a single cell. Caustic lime is thrown by guards from above as a disciplinary measure.

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Paris, Five Years Later

Paris, May 24, 1968—*Parisian students erect a barricade near the* Place de la Bastille.

The last time I saw Paris, the rough-cobbled streets of the Latin Quarter, Montparnasse and St. Germain-des-Prés were jammed with strikers on the march, students on the run, intellectuals in open debate, and police at their battle stations. It's five years now from that "month of May," and the cobbles are permanently covered with asphalt. The students are in school, the strikers are in the provinces, the intellectuals are back in the cafes. The police are still at their battle stations. In the great tradition of French historical irony, Paris has not much changed, and neither is it the same.

May 1968 remains a fixed star at the end of the French field of vision. The batallions of armed policemen who sit in their troop-carriers along the Left Bank boulevards are waiting for another May. The workers who periodically seize factories in outlying regions hope to spark another May. The bland coalition of Socialists and Communists that was formed earlier this year hopes to undermine the *extrême-Gauche* and avoid another May. A public opinion poll taken this summer by a weekly magazine showed that French people fear "Youth" ahead of all other perils: atomic war, economic collapse, Russian invasion, fascism. "Youth," of course is a code word for May 1968.

In the near and middle distances there is no sense of crisis. Evidence of economic boom is all around, and if inflation is evident, too, wages are apparently not too far behind prices. For an American tourist in the age of dollar devaluation, Paris prices are beyond all belief. Even *le hamburger* at McDonald's on the Champs Elysees costs $5.00 if you throw in a milkshake and a prefabricated dessert. Dinners at fancier restaurants run to $30 or $40 per person. Gasoline is $1.35 a gallon; an ordinary Beaujolais costs two or three dollars in the shop and twice as much at a restaurant. I began to feel as if I were playing Monopoly with real money, dishing out the franc notes as if they couldn't be worth much more than the paper and ink.

French friends, however, were less astonished. Prices have gone up 10 or 15 percent in the last nine months (depending on whose figures one trusts), and wages have risen only slightly less steeply. Restaurants and markets are beautifully stocked (no shortages here) and crowded; the roads are packed with cars. The Paris skyline shows dozens of new high-rises, both in the middle of town and in the commercial and business centers of the new suburbs. A long block away from the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse, where the American expatriates of the '20s hung out—at the Select, the Dome and the Coupole—an enormous and entirely anomalous brown metallic skyscraper rises in what the billboards proclaim is the biggest shopping center in the world.

It's not so much a matter of "Americanization" as a surrender to the new culture of Transatlantica, which nowadays includes faded jeans, community colleges, Greek immigrant restaurants, midnight movies, ecology, pizza, and "Jonathan Livingston Seagull." This year's dress code in Paris demands washed-out Levis (*blue-jeans dèlavé*) and T-shirts emblazoned with the seal of an American university chosen at random. Half the people walking around the Place St. Michel seem to come from the University of Texas or Michigan State, if you can believe their inscriptions.

France has also slipped into the more serious patterns of Transatlantic behavior, with more critical consequences than food or fashion fads. For one thing, the arrival of a large North African immigrant class to do the dirtier work of industry has provoked *le racisme* of the French to come out in the open. For another, the crunch of European and Japanese economic competition has squeezed "middle-sized" business into either bankruptcy or multinational conglomeration, and thousands of jobs have been lost.

[RUMBLINGS IN THE FACTORIES]

That very process is behind the half-year-long turmoil at the Lip watch-making factory in Besançon, near the Swiss border. Lip was an old family-owned business that employed some 1300 workers at the Besançon plant. In recent years it had fallen on hard times, suffering from both poor management and the competition of multi-national conglomerates, many of them owned by Swiss interests. At length, Lip's French owner sold half his stock to the dominant Swiss watch and instrument corporation, Ebauches S.A., which promptly announced plans to lay off Lip workers and, ultimately, abandon the Besançon plant.

In response, workers at Lip seized control of their factory, made off with the large inventory of watches and parts, and began running the business themselves. Operating capital came

by Andrew Kopkind

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from sale of the expropriated stock. The bosses gave up without much of a fight and the French and European Left began a campaign of support. Thousands of liberated watches were sold on the streets of Paris, in London, Rome, Berlin, and Zurich. The central unions—both Communist, Socialist and Catholic—belatedly tailed along on the tide of popularity for the Lip action, and the Left political parties also threw in their support.

Mostly, however, the energy and imagination of the action came from inside the Lip workers' committee, where "ordinary" employees—that is, not political organizers—took the lead, planned strategy, delineated the risks. Simply because Lip was not a program of the dreary old parties and unions, it conveyed a freshness and excitement that can't find its way through the bureaucracy of the old institution.

After several months of inaction, the French government in mid-August sent in the paramilitary CRS troops that had so successfully bashed heads in 1968, and reoccupied the Lip factory. A government negotiator was appointed to smooth over the return to the law of private property, but the workers' energies remain high. In late September, the Lip workers' committee called a national "March on Besançon" to support their demands (reduced now, for the most part, to security and economic issues) and keep the issue alive. And on the last weekend of the month, a hundred thousand people trooped to the remote provincial city, camped out for two days in a steady rain, and produced a political festival that French newspapers kept comparing to Woodstock.

At a press conference a few days before the March, President Pompidou belittled the *affaire Lip* as "a question of the theft of a stock of watches and parts." Of course it is much more—even if Lip does not herald an era of worker-control of industry, as some bedazzled Socialist sects suggest. *Autogestion*—workers' self-management—has been a popular notion at least since 1968 in France, and it is obviously part of the Lip context: but not as a viable solution to the problem of failing business and threatened employment. At one point, the Government offered a kind of autogestion to the Lip workers, who refused it on the logical grounds that socialism in one bankrupt factory could not maintain itself for very long. Without access to capital, without its own distribution system, without conglomeration, and without government subsidy, Lip could not succeed in private or communal hands. In economic terms, the Lip story illustrates the general plight of middle-sized business in France, and the difficulties that will come as labor is displaced more and more by unresponsive supranational corporate directorates. The Lip workers want the Besançon factory to stay open under its capitalist boss; they want their jobs maintained; but they also want to participate in the decisions which will affect the life of the business—and in some ways that is a more important demand than "pure" self-management.

At the worker-run Lip watch factory: C'est possible on produit . . . C'est possible on vend.

In other terms, the Lip action is indicative of how far the "new politics" of France is removed from the traditional center-structures of parliamentary parties, trade unions, and Left groups and *groupuscules*. Even before 1968, those institutions were decaying. Now, they count mostly for their dead weight, which is considerable but static.

[RACISM COMES OF AGE]

If the parties and unions took the jump-seat in the Lip action, they've taken a back seat in the struggle of the immigrants—particularly North Africans—to maintain some kind of decent and dignified existence in France. There are 3.7 million immigrant workers in France—seven and a half percent of the total population, and perhaps twice as big a percentage of the industrial work force. Seven hundred thousand immigrant workers come from France's former colony of Algeria, "free" these ten years from political direction from Paris but still economically tied to the old Empire. The Algerians in France are mostly

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young single men, unused to the customs of the Metropolis, unable to take advantage of the mobile culture of the new Europe. They are crowded into slums and shantytowns, ripped off in all the usual ways, and treated with fear and contempt by the French with whom they must come in contact. There have been "incidents"—some involving attacks by Algerians on French people (last summer, a hopelessly deranged Algerian killed a French girl on a bus in Marseilles). But by and large, it is the Algerians who have suffered at the hands of the French. About a score of immigrants have been murdered in the past several months, probably by right-wing vigilantes, with ties to the old Secret Army groups and Italian fascist movements.

In September, liberal and Left political and labor organizations were more or less shamed into acting. A "national day against racism" was called; it received little attention outside the small circles of the concerned. More militant groups of immigrants, notably of Arab workers, held demonstrations later in the week. President Houari Boumedienne of Algeria was moved to threaten suspension of emigration if the French government did not act against incidents and instances of racism. President Pompidou said he didn't believe the French were racists. *Minute,* a mass circulation weekly somewhat on the order of the *National Enquirer,* headlined: "France Without Algerians: We Dare You!"

Industry in France depends on the millions of Southern Europeans and North Africans who do the meanest jobs for the worst pay under the lousiest conditions. There are simply not enough available Frenchmen to fill the ranks of the lower working class. Government politicos talk wistfully about the "mobility of labor," in hopes that workers from, say, Besancon, who happen to be out of a job could move quickly to Toulon where there's an opening. But even if workers were all rushed around through tubes by computer matching there would still be a need for millions more.

So great is the demand for cheap industrial labor in Northern Europe, however, that the supply in Greece, Turkey, Italy, Spain, Yugoslavia and Portugal is running low—especially as those countries move towards higher levels of industrialization themselves. Even the North African supply is not inexhaustible, and already the first loads of sub-Saharan African immigrants are arriving in France. What may happen in five or ten years in France may make this year's racism look like love.

["NEW POLITICS"]

The "new politics" in France is not so much an anomolous happening, as it was in America in the Sixties, as it is the continuation of some steady themes of French history. For instance, there has been a series of actions this year over the decision of the government to build a vast army base and atomic weapons center at Larzac, a wild and beautiful spot in the Southwest province of Languedoc. The peasants of Larzac objected to the appropriation of their sheep-pastures and homes for the base, and they called for support from anti-militarist groups, ecologists, and right-thinking citizens of whatever persuasion. The response was overwhelming; a "March on Larzac" was organized and 20,000 or more came. Workers at Lip—all the way across the country—sent delegations, who conceived the idea for their own march in September. When that happened, the Larzac peasants went to Besancon.

Larzac is a "new politics" event,

The "March on Larzac," protesting the construction of an army base on local peasants' land.

LIBERATION KULIGOWSKI—VIVA

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but it also continues the tradition of peasant resistance to industrial development and, in some measure, the history of worker/peasant solidarity against industrial capitalism. At least there is a vital culture of the Left, with its own history, literature, institutions, education, and work. A French Leftist can live and work in an integrated political culture that gives rewards, support, and meaning. If some of the older institutions of that culture are atrophying–the parties and the unions, for instance–there are newer institutions growing. The culture is still strong.

French friends all asked me to explain "what happened" to the American radical Movement in which they had placed too much faith just a few years ago. They saw no evidence of political movement by radicals in the U.S. and they could not understand the sudden demise of the Left that had sparked their own "Youth" in 1968. I had no simple answers, but it did occur to me that the historical and social isolation of the American Movement had denied it staying power. The French Left is connected to France in a way in which the American Movement was never connected to America. "Revolution" is probably no more likely in the one country as in the other; still, the French have a permanent base. It must be comfortable.

When the news came to Europe of President Allende's death and the coup in Chile, tens of thousands of demonstrators poured into the streets of Paris, and more in Rome. The next day, the *International Herald-Tribune* carried long stories about the events in Chile and the world-wide reaction; a small item at the end of the coverage noted that a hundred people demonstrated in Washington, D.C. Of course, Chile sent a special chill through the Western European parliamentary Left –both socialist and communist–which would like to achieve power without much more than electoral conflict. The failure of the parliamentary way in Chile was bitterly received in the European capitals, for personal reasons quite apart from the tragedy of the moment. But still the public response in this politicized environment was quick, strong and big. I felt doubly sorry about America that day.

–Paris, October 1973.

Scorecard on the Environment

by Gene Marine

Some things that had not happened in 1969 still have not happened. There is no Hualapai Dam at the lower end of the Grand Canyon, no Rampart Dam in Alaska. There is no jetport damming the water flow of the Everglades and further fouling Florida air. There is no American SST. Call these "victories."

Some things have happened. There was a nuclear blast at Amchitka, regardless of possible ecological effects. The three branches of government have agreed, at least temporarily, to the construction of a pipeline across the delicate tundra of Alaska. A number of free-flowing streams have been turned by the United States Army Corps of Engineers into neatly controlled concrete ditches. Lumber companies are "clearcutting" in the National Forests. Call those "defeats."

For a while, in 1969 and 1970, there was almost something called an "ecology movement." It is gone, like a vagrant breeze across a meadow, leaving behind (like a vagrant breeze that serves its ecological function) a few traces, possibly important, possibly not. It was a fad after all, and like maxiskirts for women and Cuban heels for men, it never really caught on.

Certainly political activists, and especially radicals, never grasped the political impact of the ecological viewpoint. More often, the ecology movement, such as it was, was seen by them as a liberal ploy to distract attention from the important issues: war, racism, capitalism. It was useful when it drew attention to the ecological destruction of Vietnam; it was an annoying distraction when it focused attention on the upper Selway River.

Capitalists, however, were far quicker than radicals to compute the logic of ecology. Ecologists themselves may be respectable and even conservative people, but ecological balance cannot be attained on the planet while giant capitalist corporations ravage the copper of Chile, the bauxite of Ghana, the phosphates of Nauru, the tin and woframite of Rwanda. Multinational oil companies are "anti-ecological" by their very nature. The planet cannot survive without an end to the exploitation of peasants on Guatemala's plantations and blacks in South African mines.

Politicians, back there in 1969 and 1970, were quick to seize the word "ecology," and thereby to help to debase it. Some few, in Congress for instance, actually understand ecology and have understood it for years; Nelson in the Senate, Saylor in the House come to mind. Others discovered a concern for it out of the coincidence that the "ecology movement" happened during the year after a Presidential election–the year in which some politicians, at least, begin to gear up for the next one. Not much came of all their concern except speeches. Even that notable ecology expert, Richard Nixon, in a message to Congress in January 1972, wrote of "how much has been proposed and how little has been enacted," an accurate assessment however hypocritically motivated.

Gene Marine's first book, America the Raped, *began as a 1967 series on ecology in RAMPARTS. His latest book is* A Male Guide to Women's Liberation *(Holt).*

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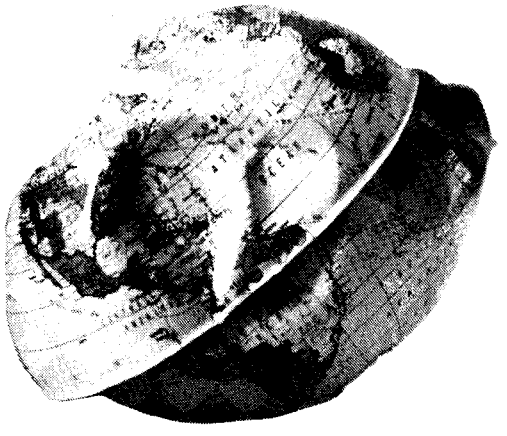
There was, however, one notable exception in addition to the killing of the SST. Maybe it somehow sneaked through. Maybe the lobbyists somehow failed to foresee its results. In any case, there was passed, and signed by that same Mr. Nixon, the National Environmental Policy Act of 1969. Those of us who know and love it call it NEPA.

[THE BATTLE FOR NEPA]

Almost since its passage, NEPA has been under steady and stubborn assault by oil companies, steel companies, paper mills, "public" utilities, their lobbyists and their Congressional equerries. Since it would be poor public relations to attack NEPA directly, they have been trying to chip away at its applications with "exceptions" and "exemptions." This does not attract the attention of the sometimes troublesome Washington press corps; and, the ecology fad having gone the way of the maxiskirt, the reporters do not seek out and report the ongoing struggle.

Among its other provisions, NEPA provides some support for the right of citizens to enforce federal law through court action. Its big gun, however—the one the exploiters would truly like to silence—is its Section 102(2)(c). Section 102(2)(c) provides that no government or government-supported project may proceed, no government permit may issue, without the preparation of an "environmental impact statement." It actually says, in effect, that the government can't do anything, or let anyone else do anything, without considering its ecological effect; it is thus the most advanced law, with regard to ecological understanding, ever passed in America and probably anywhere. In the first glow of the ecology movement, some states even passed their own, similar laws.



Of course, by now any halfway competent government bureau, bent on self-perpetuation, or any halfway competent private exploiter bent on profit, can get around an environmental impact statement eventually. There are always some scientists (as there are always some reporters) who are purchasable. But the existence of any report means that it can be challenged, even taken into court, by the knowledgeable. And it is almost impossible to show that some kinds of projects are ecologically acceptable; nuclear power plants are among these, since despite the plaints of power companies, nobody knows what the environmental issues of a nuclear plant may be. Thanks partly to Section 102(2)(c), lawsuits have held up the actual construction of the Alaska pipeline so far, although at the moment the advantage is in the court of the oil consortium.

All of this will give you some idea why, at one point, there were at least 11 bills in the House of Representatives alone designed to chip away at some part of NEPA and especially at that one pesky provision. Some of those bills had to do with nuclear plants, some with waste water discharge, one with all public works. One would have okayed building and operating power plants, under vaguely defined "emergency conditions," even if the construction and operation were in violation of *any* local, state or Federal law. All of these, as it happens, were killed, though some were only killed in trades whereby good bills were killed as well.

They did, however, succeed in damaging NEPA, and when they did it, they didn't exactly chip away. They broke off a huge chunk, and they did it with a lot of help from a Senator who had been one of the first to jump on the "ecology" bandwagon in 1969, establishing himself in parts of the public mind as one of the good guys: Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine. He was the floor leader in 1972 for Senate Bill 2770, a bill to amend the Federal Water Pollution Control Act.

Known on the House side as H.R. 11896, this was a pretty good bill, intended to strengthen the Act it was amending and to provide the Environmental Protection Agency with a lot of money for its enforcement (about three times as much money, in fact, as the Administration wanted). Some people wanted it to be even better—Abzug and Rangel of New York, Reuss of Wisconsin, Roe of New Jersey, among others—and proposed some tougher amendments, which they called the "Clean Water Package."

Conservation groups lined up behind the Clean Water Package, along with the League of Women Voters, Common Cause, and a few unions (including, in rare opposition to their employers, the Steelworkers). The steel, oil and paper companies lined up on the other side, with powerful help when it looked as though Abzug & Co. might have the votes. Richard Nixon spent several mornings having breakfast with Republican Congressmen who favored the package before they had their Puffed Rice and opposed it afterward. The first vote on the package was 249-140 against; the rest were about the same.

The President, however, let it be known that he was going to veto the thing anyway—too much money—and the "good guys" in House and Senate concentrated on that. So did the press, to whom it was a simple question of Congress voting money for fighting water pollution and the President threatening a veto. The bill passed, Nixon vetoed it, and Congress made all the front pages by overriding the veto: 247 to 33 in the House 52 to 12 in the Senate. A great victory for the fight against pollution. Only a couple of conservation-group newsletters mentioned the fact that the bill contained a few amendments to Section 511(d) of the Water Pollution Control Act.

All that those amendments did was to exempt the Environmental Protection Agency, in almost *all* of its permit-issuing functions, from Section 102(2)(c) of NEPA—the section requiring environmental impact statements. They're still required on permits for some *new* sources of possible pollution, and for construction of sewage plants. But exempt, now, are dams licensed by the Federal Power Commission, permits to strip coal on Indian and public lands, and a host of other possible projects. It was a disas-

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trous blow to NEPA.

During the final debate on overriding the President's veto, Muskie was asked whether he realized that the bill exempted EPA from that section. Muskie replied that he intended to exempt EPA from *all* of the Act, not only from the impact-statement section. So much for ecological awareness in Maine.

[POSTPONING DOOMSDAY]

There are still a few good guys in the Senate, and for the last several sessions, they've been pushing a bill that, if passed, would become the National Environmental Policy Act of Whatever Year. Another NEPA could get pretty confusing, but in Congress this one is usually called the Environmental Class Actions Bill, and if you'd like to postpone the day of planetary doom for a few weeks, you should be for it.

For one thing, it would legislatively repeal the Supreme Court's ruling in *Sierra Club vs. Morton.* That was the suit in which the Club tried to block the Disney ski village at Mineral King, in California. The Court ruled that because the Club couldn't show that it or its members would be directly enough damaged, they didn't have "standing" to sue.

The Class Actions Bill would extend the meaning of "standing" in environmental cases so that almost any citizen or group could sue. It would remove a number of restrictions on judicial review of administrative decisions (giving us all more to sue *about*). It would give any person the right to use the courts to enforce Federal standards or regulations. In the absence of standards or regulations, it would set up a standard of "reasonable conduct" which could be used as the basis for citizen action. In short, it would give us all a lot more to say by giving an enormous boost to the growing field of environmental law and environmental lawsuits.

We're going to need it. Most of the important decisions in environmental law, those favoring the rest of us over private corporations or big-business-oriented Federal agencies, have been won by one of five groups. All five are supported in part (from 12 percent to 50 percent) by the Ford Foundation. The Foundation has decided, to the surprise of no one but the very naive, that maybe its section on Resources and Environment ought to spend its money on research instead. Of course this isn't because research is safer. It's because "the conservation issue has gripped society now, and ... the public ... will support them [the five groups]."

One of the best of these groups, the one that really made environmental law meaningful in America, is the Environmental Defense Fund, whose executive director is Roderick Cameron. "If Ford pulls out," Cameron says, "there will be a crash in the environmental law market." He should know, EDF got $120,000 from the Ford Foundation last year.

The Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund got $49,000. The Center for Law in the Public Interest (Los Angeles) got $75,000. Public Advocates (San Francisco) got $275,000. And the Natural Resources Defense Council (Washington, D.C.) got a whopping $365,000. That adds up to $884,000 worth of lawyers who are more or less on our side, $884,000 that is about to go down the tubes.

But "the conservation issue" (whatever happend to "ecology"?) has by no means "gripped the public." It is the capitalists, not the public, who have computed the political logic of ecology. While they have been trying to fight off the environmental lawyers, their PR men have been working overtime promulgating "the Pogo syndrome." It is called that because its spokesmen, who are with surprising frequency the vice-presidents of oil companies, frequently quote Pogo: "We have met the enemy and he is us."

In other words, it's all your fault, however rich or poor you may happen to be. Cars pollute the air because you want a car (in fact, governments are overthrown in the Middle East because you want a car). Peasants are exploited it Guatemala because you insist on putting bananas on your Shredded Wheat. Freeways exist because you insist on them.

The trouble with this argument is that it deludes people into thinking that their individual decisions can help, and that it keeps people from recognizing that the only way in which they can really help is to act collectively, and not in very small groups, either. Saving cans and bottles and newspapers on an individual basis and hauling them to "recycling centers" may make you feel better; it does not help. It is too tiny a thing to matter; it is an inch gained against a mile lost. The fight to save the planet is a tough fight; "living ecologically" on an individual basis is an easy cop-out. "Every little bit" is, in bleak fact, not worth a damn.

There is not enough recycling-plant capacity to handle a fraction of what we can *and must* recycle; simply making the stuff available will not cause anyone to build the plants, because there's not enough profit in it. They will do it when there is a law that says they must; not before. As it is now, "recycling" is good PR for the aluminum companies. It cons the Pogo fan into buying aluminum cans because he "knows" the aluminum company will take them back. He therefore doesn't think about the fact that there is a lot more profit in aluminum cans than in any other containers beer is ever sold in; he doesn't think about the fact that every aluminum can (whether from raw or recycled material) requires for its manufacture more than six times as much of the energy, and thus the resources, that the Pogo fan is trying to save.

The final blow to whatever is left of the ecology movement is probably in its backswing right now. However phony the current "energy shortage" may be, the energy crisis behind it is real, and it will mean a lot more inconvenience, very soon, than lining up at gasoline stations. It will also mean, in a capitalist society, prices that are considerably higher than they are right now. When that cost and inconvenience really hits (and the gas-station lines can be seen as a beginning hint), the same citizen who was all excited about Earth Day 1970 is going to follow the industrialists in blaming it on us "ecological extremists."

If the planet is to be saved (a hope that I continue, against the conviction of my intellect, to maintain), what we need after all, it seems, is an ecology movement. A real, and therefore revolutionary, ecology movement. And in the revolution it will be no rhetoric to say "one wins, or dies." ■

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Aaron

The Third Sex

if they ask me my identity
what can I say but
I am the androgyne
I am the living mind you fail to describe
in your dead language

Adrienne Rich, *Diving into the Wreck*

Men *vrs.* Women, Gays *vrs.* Straights, Married *vrs.* Swinging Singles: divided we fall. Is there any hope beyond this boxing match where the sexes are slugging it out? In one corner of the flood-lit arena, wearing white boxer shorts, sits Norman Mailer: the booze-belting, swaggering, *Sports Illustrated* macho American male, who knows what a woman needs and how to give it to her, whether she wants it or not. A Real Man. In the opposite corner, wearing a tight black mini-skirt, sits Germaine Greer: with the street-corner honesty of a cabbie, the erudition of a scholar, and the exhuberant femininity of an Elizabethan barmaid who artfully dodges the pat on the ass she's been asking for all evening. A Real Woman. In the third corner, wearing a lavender jumpsuit, sits the new American Gay: proud but martyred, surrounded by constant support but painfully alone, with the same blank look of resignation on his face as when the overhead lights in the bar slash on to announce take-it-home-or-leave-it closing time. The Real Outsider. And in the fourth corner, all in straightjackets by now, is the squabbling and sick-of-each-other Loud Family, the cute little nuclear unit, suspended between ir-

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by James Nolan

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reconcilable tensions in a stupor of gin fizzes and vaginal deodorant commercials. The Real American Family. The referee is a T.V. talk-show interviewer with a mike stuck between his legs and with a big Howdy-Doody grin. Isn't this a gas, folks, lying awake in the sexual arena of your very *own* bed, flipping through the pages of *Playboy, Ms., The Gay Advocate,* or *Family Circle?*

Circle one of the above. For most Americans, these are the four alternatives they see as possible sexual identities. For many, the sexual revolution has become the most anxiety-ridden and overwhelmingly confusing part of the hurricane of political and social change we are caught up in. But what the talk shows don't show, and the newspapers seldom report, is that a growing number of young people between, say, fifteen and thirty, are scrawling with a fuck-it flair NONE OF THE ABOVE across their sexual identity multiple choice tests. They are gathering in pot-filled corners out of the main media glare of the sexual arena, to let down their hair into an androgynous tangle of pretty boys in tightly-fit velvet pants and together-girls on motor bikes, with an open-ended attitude of genuinely caring for each other but I-don't-care-what-you-call-me, polymorphous perverse, anything-that-feels-good-goes pansexuality. This is the Third Sex.

Call them what you like: acid-mutants, high-heeled boys, fag hags, communal-livers, group gropers, switch-hitters; they don't care. Members of the third sex think of themselves as being neither Real Men nor Real Women, gay nor straight, married nor single. For the third sex, the words homo- and heterosexual are adjectives used to describe acts and relationships, not nouns to classify people forever and for good. Whether physically girlish boys or boyish girls, the members of the third sex are attracted to people, their auras, vibrancies, minds and good looks, not to genders. Fuck genders. Make love to people.

Margaret, Franklin and Gregory

In America, in the early '70s, born out of the long, loud and difficult labor pains of Gay and Women's Liberation, this third sex is emerging, a new sexuality which encourages more erotic-but-genderless ways of relating to people, which creates new domestic and sexual situations, and which is responsible for the general loosening of attitudes. We are discovering that these categories, as permanent identities, are all dead-ends; that our sexuality overwhelms, outdates, and transcends them all. We are learning to invent roles spontaneously to fit the situations we find ourselves in, instead of seeking out situations to fulfill preprogrammed roles, butch or fem, gay or straight. The new androgyny involves more than coming out of the closets and into the streets. It involves coming out of the attic of our fantasies and into the world of real people. Human liberation. This new androgyny has been "coming out" since the mid-'60s, since the beginning with Dylan and acid and free love.

["DON'T FENCE ME IN"]

Is it a boooy . . . or is it a girrrrl?" the old bubble-gum song bleated out of car radios back then as hotrods revved past an occasional guy with locks curling down around the back of his neck and a girl striding along in dungarees and a work shirt. Even then, women were just *chicks,* who accepted being treated like *dames,* and gays, however loveable, were forced into the mold of the self-conscious French poodle faggot. But in the late '60s and early '70s, Women's Liberation and Gay Liberation both hit the culture headlines at once, and years of shut-in anger and frustration were spit venomously back at an oppressively straight macho culture. Women's Liberation helped women to stop competing and start relating to each other, and to stand independently as human beings outside of a man's domination and definition of them. Once women were freed from a submissive dish-washing and furniture-dusting social role, they found it difficult to reconcile their new active social selves with the submissive sexual role which a Real Man demanded of them. Women were beginning to discover the aggressive, assertive, masculine sides of their natures, just as through Gay Liberation, men were beginning to wear bracelets and carry handbags, learning to sew and bake bread and to openly explore the feminine sides of their nature. Gay Liberation freed homosexual relationships from their usually comic mock-imitations of heterosexual marriage, doing away with the caricatures of the nelly queen in fishnet and lace with his leather-and-chains rough trade, and the Gertrude Stein diesel dyke with her Alice B. Toklas "talk to the wives" fem counterpart. We began to see men loving just men, and women loving just women. The Dorian and Sapphic ideals.

But what about John Wayne and Lana Turner, whatever happened to *Father Knows Best*?, everyone demanded in a burst of panic and insecurity. Ask yourself: what does it mean to be a Real Man or a Real Woman anymore? Very little. The asexual nature of work in a technological society just doesn't specify different tasks for different sexes. You don't need a cock or breasts, muscles or a womb to drive a

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Raymond and David

car, be a keypunch operator, play an electric guitar or shop at the supermarket. The only real work which does differentiate men from women, the act of childbirth itself, is becoming less and less important as the Malthusian nightmare of over-population jumps out of the textbooks, into the cribs and then pokes its elbow into your ribs on the crowded bus ride home from work every day. The birth of the Pill, together with the elbow-to-rib rub of daily living, divorces sex from the once sacred act of procreation and into the realm of recreation, relaxation, and pleasure: a good way to get close to people. Suddenly, men and women didn't need each other in the old ways anymore. As the sensory-awareness movement and drugs were teaching us the importance of touch in making emotional contact, men and women were losing their fear of touching people of the same sex to get through, learning to hang as loosely and affectionately as Mediterraneans. Also "normal" people were finding out that *fellatio* and *cunnilingus* (excuse my Latin, I mean sucking off and eating out) and sodomy are as "normal," if not more interesting, than the old make-a-baby in-and-out. There are other ways of coming together besides the procreational way, with women, with other men, and in groups. Couldn't that pretty boy over there give just as good a blow-job as his pretty girlfriend, and if you are more into *him* as a person, or more into *her* as a person, or into both of them as a couple, well, what difference does it make? If you give birth to a baby, and then fall in love with another woman, why can't you go live with her and your baby? If you father a child, why can't you and your boyfriend (*and* your girlfriend, *and* his, even) raise the child? These pansexual attitudes are an expression of that basic American instinct: *Don't fence me in.*

[HUMANITY'S CLOSET CASE]

> *If we are all members of one body, then in that one body there is neither male nor female; or rather, there is both: it is an androgynous or hermaphroditic body, containing both sexes. . . . The division of the one man into two sexes is part of the fall; sexes are sections.*
>
> *Norman O. Brown,* Love's Body

To begin with, it may be difficult to tell at a glance, or even on a long cruise, which of that pretty young couple is the male or the female, if you're sober or straight enough to care. The long-haired and embroidered blue denim hippie style has been from the start basically androgynous, but in the past two or three years clothes designers have made the "androgynous look" the very fashionable thing. And fashion photographers have used boyish girls, such as Twiggy, and girlish boys, such as David Cassidy, to model these androgynous threads. So that

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not only the clothes people are wearing but their very important media-impressioned images of masculinity and femininity have blurred. It's all there in the stars, and not just the astrological ones. While our parents identified with Clark Gable and Betty Grable, we have the pansexual rock images of David Bowie and Janis Joplin, the gentle, mascaraed cosmo-queen (who is married), and the hard boozin' and deep lovin' trucker-baby (who had girlfriends), not to mention Mick Jagger and Bette Midler. David and Mick and Janis and Bette: consider the possibilities.

Which came first, the social chicken or the media egg? Who can tell: go ask the rooster. I believe the new androgyny was not so much created as it was *released.* It's always latently been there, humanity's closet case. Perhaps it was technological culture that freed it, together with the deep exploration of our psyches by acid and meditation, which allowed us a long, deep-well glance into our true androgynous natures, the *anima* and *animus,* both of which we all possess. Men, by realizing their feminine side, what Jung calls the *anima,* don't need to project this onto a life-long partner, and women, by excavating their masculine identities, the *animus,* don't need to search desperately for a husband to live out for them vicariously their aggressive, career-minded natures.

There are whole libraries of anthropological and psychological material discussing the basic bi-sexuality of human beings, all the way from the primates through the Greeks and Romans, all the way from Freud to Norman O. Brown, from Jung to Professor Marcuse. The central idea, called genital organization, is that man had to concentrate on his own cock, and his woman's womb, in order to vastly procreate, till the soil, keep family and clan together, and haul human consciousness all the way from acorn-gathering to the Louvre and the atom bomb; meanwhile, back at the ranch, repressing his erotic androgyny into a nightmare of forgetting, which flares into action in twisted ventilations of hostility, power-lust, paranoia, and that most unique of human characteristics, deliberate cruelty, which is, incidentally, the grounds for most divorce cases these days. If you can't make love to it, kill it.

Kate Millet, in a recent interview in *Esquire*, attributes much of the cruelty and hostility between members of the early Women's Liberation groups to repressed homosexuality. "A lot of the violence of women towards women was an effort to stay straight. You were furious at men, you began to have growing affection and erotic feelings for

Valerie and Christina

JOEL TORNABENE

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women, but you couldn't make love to them. If you box up love, it becomes twisted into anger, frustration and a kind of waspishness." The interviewer makes the point that eight of the thirteen early-days Women's Lib media-stars she talked with are now actively bi-sexual.

It's ironic, in a way, that the emergence of the third sex was fertilized by Women's and Gay Liberation, both of which began with strains of either man-hating or woman-hating. While women "professionals" were smoking cigars, kicking their jeaned legs up on desk tops to bark out at men *You're fulla bullshit!*, the new gay was clogging down Polk and Christopher Streets in Carmen Miranda platform shoes, carrying houseplants and fretting about his outfit, for which he's just gone on a strict diet. It seemed for a while that Women's Liberation, for all the deep-seated misanthropy it generated, was becoming with a lot of pushy verbalizing and hard-edged power struggling, a caricature of the very masculine traits which the women despised. While Gay Liberation, with its indigenous misogyny, had taken to playing house in the superficial deco-parlor on narcissism and taste, a realm traditionally ruled over by the very women the gay mentality found so ludicrous. But perhaps these two militant liberation movements were just awkward and adolescent phases we *all* had to pass through, pimply and self-conscious and blatantly extreme, to arrive at a more whole type of sexual identity: a way of seeing how the other half (of ourselves) lives.

[TWELVE SEXES IN SAN FRANCISCO]

Girls will be boys and boys will be girls
It's a mixed up, muddled up, shook up world
Kinks, "Lola"

The new androgyny may begin in bed, but really has less to do with who you sleep with than with a whole new level of consciousness which you carry with you far from between the sheets and out into the world of people-meeting-people, living together and relating on a social level. Our sex is our politics, and we carry it with us everywhere, a subtle subversion. Last week I was talking with Karen, a former girlfriend, and her lover Carlos, about her pregnancy. Karen and Carlos are definitely pansexual people who have paired off to have this child, and this seems real and good to them now. When I had been with Karen, she had floated through several gay relationships, and the father of the baby, in his skin-tight velvet pants, makes no effort to disguise his sexuality as he tells me about how he's always "playing all over town" in a variety of gay stag flicks he made when he was "into that trip." I asked the usual question: what are you going to name the baby if it's a girl, or if it's a boy. Immediately I realized my question was a pink/blue gender *faux pas.* Karen simply said, "The baby's name will be Orion." Period. Many third-sex people have found it a relief to drop their gender names (Bill and Sue, John and Betty) in favor of more androgynous ones, such as Rumi, Ariel, Taharah, Scrumbly, Star and Fantusi, to mention a few.

"Is the whole world going gay?" Jeanne, the wife of a teacher-poet friend, asked me as we sat drinking wine on the balcony of their house near the beach during my recent visit to the small Florida college I graduated from four years ago. We'd all been talking about our mutual student friends, our lives and theirs. There I was, with my hair almost down to my waist, my arms braceleted, my fingers gleaming with silver rings, my eyes lined with Moroccan kohl dust, telling the just-returned voyager's tales of my trip through the Yucatan with Fred, a boy lover. The last time Peter and Jeanne had seen me, I had been living with a girlfriend in Paris. While I had been Peter's student, I had been sexually "straight," dropping by all the time with my girlfriends to read poems and talk. Now the news was that Billy and Johnny were breaking up as lovers, Johnny going back to Cynthia, who he had been with two years earlier, while Billy was taking up with Stephen, who at one time had an intense relationship with Rhonda. Rhonda and Elaine, meanwhile, who had been lovers for about six months, were moving in with George for a *ménage a trois,* Elaine having been a former flame of Cynthia's, who really got around. Just a minute, *please.* Jeanne, wife, artist, mother of four, and as self-fulfilled as any married woman I know, was a little confused. "It seems that all our friends now are gay. I feel a little obsolete," she confessed.

I was a little surprised, too, delightfully surprised, because during my three year walk on the Wilde side, during which I had been together with various male and female lovers, I had strayed rather closely between the popular centers of deviate community: New York, San Francisco, New Orleans and Amsterdam, where all my friends had been what I would call pansexual, avoiding the older term bi-sexual, which is meaningless when you can count more than two sexes. Lawrence Durrell claims that there were nine distinct sexes in Alexandria, and I've been able to discern at least twelve in San Francisco. Actually, there are as many sexes, or unique blends of masculine and feminine qualities, as there are people. But now, here, in this small Southern city, people were relating more and more on the same androgynous level, a very high level, and I suddenly realized that the roots of the new androgyny ran far deeper than I had imagined, much deeper than a roving band of pansexual gypsies, dancers, musicians, Cockettes, and poetic eccentrics. No, Jeanne, of course you are not obsolete, with your bouncing, creative, life-giving family. Your alternative of marrying and raising a family is good and necessary, and you are among the very few I know who have made it work, and made it work well. But for us, a decade or so younger and a little more on-the-road for good, for better or for worse, a whole new rainbow bridge of possibilities has opened up. We are the third sex looking toward a third world with our third eye.

[TWO WOMEN]

What a looong, strange trip it's been. . . ." the stereo booms from another room as Valerie, Christina and I lie swaying back and forth in agreement to the music in a huge mothy white hammock in my fern-hung and straw-filled bedroom on the Russian River in Northern California. They are lovers, two friends of mine up visiting for the week-end. Air, Christina's year-old baby, is crawling around in the hay underneath us, going *gaa-gaa* at the chirping crickets who live there. Chris-

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tina is a svelte, sliding, tropical beauty with a supple athletic body and curly Puerto Rican hair. She has the most strikingly attractive blend of masculine and feminine features I have ever seen in a girl: definitely the androgynous high fashion model type now popular.

She's only been in the States for four years now, and her story is very a-typical of the plight of most Puerto Rican immigrants. There I was four years ago, she tells me, in the Emerald City of most Carribean dreamers: Spanish Harlem of New York City. Well, she was almost caught in that rat-eat-rat ghetto trap for awhile (*Donde están las calles del oro? Donde esté mi Cadilac?*) until she started "hanging out with a bunch of freaky American kids," tripping-out on lots of mescaline and getting into the Sound. Christina loves music; her presence is a slow, soft samba, and she is always singing and rocking gently back and forth, sometimes to herself, sometimes to cool-out the bawling Air. From this "freaky bunch" she met Tim, Air's father, and they lived together for awhile. She was his "old lady," all right. Sure, Tim is a "hippie," but the kind obsessed with making money, status, cars and stereo components. He wanted someone to cook his meals, soothe his soul, make love to and give him a child, while he jammed around uptight all the time about money and parents and Things.

"But the whole time," Valerie blurts out, "the whole time no one was talking to Christina. Christina, who are you, Christina, where are you?" Christina's face brightens from its brooding-on-the-past strain. "I know," she says, "I think Air maybe needs a father sometimes, but I have to be free. I have to be me. Valerie and me, together we are free."

Valerie laughs a deep, throaty laugh. She is wrapped in a warm, exotically elaborate Afghani robe. With her mane of rampant blonde hair, her frail frame, and her Bardot face, she is a wild beauty. Originally from Southern California, she's "been through the whole scene," from the Summer of Love in the Haight to a three year trek to Nepal, where she lived a long time. Like the Kink's Lola, "she walks like a woman but talks like a man": she's intelligent, politically aware, and very up-front about who she is and what she thinks. Next to her, Christina is a willowy creature swaying in the wind. For a year Valerie was involved with Ceylonese revolutionaries ("I was never quite sure whether they wanted a real revolution or just color TV sets"), but when the *coup* failed, someone sent her a plane ticket back to the States to star in a movie to be called *The Acid Queen,* which never happened, and neither did the other half of her promised round-trip ticket back to Nepal. "I got off the plane from India, and found myself in San Francisco sitting in a Whizz-burger at eight in the morning eating a hamburger with a bunch of plastic drag queens, and like, I've been into the whole freaky, homo scene for a long time, but this was *nowhere*!" She's been back in California a year, and doesn't know why or which way or where to, but she loves Christina and Air, and they're living together and that is enough for now.

There is much doubt, always doubt. Especially for Christina, who says that "Tim's always saying that Air needs a 'real' home. He wants to send money, he wants him to come live with him. Maybe that is right. But I can't separate myself from Air, and Tim and I, we get along on one level, but I'm not free to be who I am. I like cooking for him and loving him, but there is more to me than that. He doesn't want to know that part of me, he doesn't want to recognize that it even exists. For him, I'm just another Thing to have. But sometimes I feel I should get back to real earth." What's real earth, I wonder out loud? "Oh, you know, a man and a woman and a child." "O.K., O.K.," Valerie announces, looking both of us straight in the eye, "I want this too, all this, and much more."

Air starts to cry a long hungry wail, and Christina leaps up out of the hammock without annoyance to go fix his bottle. I ask Valerie if she's ever been involved with the Gay or Women's Liberation movements and she seems amused. "No, I've been too busy working on my own liberation to waste energy on spectacles." I tell her the story I heard on "Lesbian Air," a radio talk show, in which a girl described how her sisters dragged her off the dance floor while she was dancing with a man in a female gay bar in Berkeley to tear her to pieces for such complicity. No, Valerie can't relate to that anymore than I can. Such attitudes aren't part of our world. She talks about Joe, a former boyfriend musician, whose songs she writes lyrics for. She makes a comment about those "cute little girls with nose rings" that she's getting to know. She isn't sure what Christina should do. There's no reason why gay lovers should be denied the fulfillment of child-raising, and in many cases make better parents than lonely or trapped mothers who should be out sowing occasional wild oats, like Christina has done, instead of clinging to their child as a substitute way of staying young and alive. But Christina is unstable and tends to cling to Valerie, I can see, and Valerie needs to be free, too. All she knows is that she loves Christina, now, this moment, that now is forever, is all that counts.

"There's one thing you shouldn't forget to leave out. Exits," she tells me. I don't understand. "Exits?" "Yeah, exits." She explains that I can't just paint a roseate and filigreed Gaugin paradiseland of fulfilled and enlightened pansexual people all embracing each other constantly on a voluptuous couch of permanent love and stability. "There must be plenty of exits. No one really knows what they'll do next, what different manifestations they must go through, what changes will happen to them. I might have an old man next month, or another girlfriend, or move in with a family of lovers I know in the desert in New Mexico. It's all a kaleidoscope of shifting patterns, and you have to flow with it. Nothing, no one is ever *It.* Maybe Christina will go back to Tim, or let Tim raise Air and give him the 'home life' he thinks he needs, and Christina will go off on her own. Maybe she'll take Air with her to South America. There are always exits, you must leave room for them, otherwise all our freedom to be who we are isn't possible. Christina and I will always love each other and be lovers, but things are always changing. Isn't that the point?" she asks, jumping up to go help Christina feed Air.

I could tell by the intensity of her tone that Valerie expected, demanded even, that changes would be coming. The last time I saw Valerie, she was slinking through the noisy boozy crowd of a high-flying party in a sexy sheer snake-skin patterned dress. We wound up making out drunkenly on an over-stuffed chair in the corner while the Rolling Stones blared all around us. I asked about Christina.

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Dorothy Healey

The Great Purge of 1973

No one supposed that the change would be ruinous for her—a melancholy virtue of the American Communist Party is that one may resign from it without much fear of liquidation. But when Dorothy Healey quit the Party last July, bringing to an end an often angry debate that had animated life within the Party for almost 15 years, it was not unreasonable to imagine that both she and her antagonists would from now on be diminished, as though each had depended on the other in their exercise of mind and spirit, and each would become less vital in going their separate ways.

It was, after all, the end of an affair that went back 45 years. She was Dorothy Rosenbloom, age 14, when she joined the Young Communist League in 1928: Dorothy Rosenbloom, up on a soapbox at Tenth and Broadway in down-and-out Oakland, talking socialism to the unemployed. When she was arrested a year later for inciting idle workers to riot, her reluctance to embarrass her family led her to tell the police that her name was Dorothy Ray, and it was Dorothy Ray who quit school at the Party's request the following year and took a job in a cannery in San Jose. She was a cannery hand, a waitress, an office worker, an agitator, an organizer. She led farm workers' strikes in the Imperial Valley in the early '30s, and by 1940 she had become the most prominent Communist in the CIO. She was the kind of Communist who never went underground, who proclaimed it everywhere, and her devotion to the Party ran deep enough to endure six arrests, countless investigations, a year in jail, two long and debilitating trials and three broken marriages. It also survived the Hitler-Stalin pact, the McCarthy years, the invasions of Hungary and Czechoslovakia, the Khrushchev revelations at the 20th Party Congress—all the tribulations, great and small, that hounded the conscience and shook the conviction of her generation, reducing the CPUSA from the

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by Barry Farrell

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vigorous, decisive presence on the Left that it maintained through the '30s and '40s to its current sad state of enfeeblement and dejection.

In California, however, the Party's decline was neither as swift nor as abject as it had been elsewhere in the country, and it was often said (in California) that one reason for this special resilience was the intellectual vitality and courage of the state's most conspicuous Party member, the irrepressible Dorothy Healey. As a member of the Party's policy-making National Committee for 12 years and the chairman of its Southern California district for nearly 25, she was easily the most influential woman Communist in America, and even after her celebrated disputes with the national leadership led to her exclusion from the inner circles after 1969, she remained a dedicated Party member and, to many, its most appealing and persuasive voice.

Healey's farewell, delivered with dignified understatement in the course of one of her regular Monday night broadcasts over the Los Angeles Pacifica station, KPFK, went almost unremarked in the press. Bewilderment might have played some part in this silence, since the issue at hand appeared to be trivial in comparison to all the great wrenchings resolved in the past. Her refusal to accede to Party demands that she stop speaking admiringly about a book that national Party chairman Gus Hall had deemed "a weapon in the hands of the class enemy" left her no choice but to resign, for if she hadn't resigned, she would have been expelled, and that would have shut her off from any contact with her comrades of so many years. The book was Al Richmond's *A Long View From the Left* (reviewed in RAMPARTS, June '73), a political biography by the long-time editor of *The People's World.* Richmond, a Party member for over 40 years, is an old friend of Healey's, and the two had carried on an intense correspondence while Richmond worked on the book. Because of this, her natural Marxist abhorrance of the bureaucratic centralism expressed in Hall's blunt attempt to blackball the book was no doubt made all the more vehement by feelings of friendship, loyalty and personal involvement.

The Party's statements following Healey's resignation (and, a week later, Richmond's, as well) were cantankerous and peevish, the mutterings of a formerly virile revolutionary cadre bent on becoming a geriatric sect. For her part, Healey urged other Party members not to follow her example and cautioned anti-communists to take no comfort in her departure from the ranks. "My hatred of a capitalism which degrades and debases all humans is as intense now as it was when I joined the Young Communist League in 1928," she said. "I remain a communist, as I have been all my life, albeit without a party."

["A GODDAM TRAGEDY"]

A certain sadness emanated from these proceedings, a feeling of energies squandered and dedication spurned. One knew that this final disharmony bespoke larger issues, deep and abiding, head-on collisions of ideology; but there was also a sense of animosities grown calcified and brittle, of old wounds too sore to be touched. A revolutionary life as exemplary as Dorothy Healey's had a quality that could only be called romantic, and now that it was absorbed in estrangement and fracture, it seemed likely that she would be afflicted with emptiness and loss. For these reasons, one felt constrained to approach her with some delicacy a few months after the breakup, and it was a splendid relief, though not really a surprise, to find her ebullient as ever, cheerfully at home in the small pink stucco house in the Inglewood ghetto where she has lived for 30 years.

Before Healey could settle down for an afternoon's conversation, the telephone rang a half-dozen times. Friends were calling to let her know that at a meeting the night before of the Southern California Committee for the Restoration of Democracy in Chile, the Party-controlled steering committee had introduced a resolution decreeing that the term "united front" was not to be understood to include "Maoists, Trotskyites, or Dorothy Healey and her ilk." This might have seemed a rather bitter distinction to someone already experiencing the pangs of rejection, but Healey was in a fit mood to recognize a farce when she saw one in the making, and she received the bad news several times over with the same dolorous laughter, laughter as well-used and worn as the furnishings of her small book-lined living room.

"It's such a shame, such a goddam tragedy, to have this petty squabbling on the back of Chile," she said between calls, easing back in her listing lounge chair to fill her briar pipe. "The one event in our lifetime that compares directly to Chile is Spain, only then we had a *movement.* There wasn't this dominance of narrow, sectarian interests that you see in the movement today, and I use the word 'movement' to mean 'amorphous blob.' Everybody is so goddamn pure about their precious slogans, their 'revolutionary identity.' When Spain was the issue, we didn't have to ask ourselves who we were. We knew."

When the telephone rang again, Healey sighed and rolled her eyes, beautiful eyes, promising to take the receiver off the hook after she had heard about the meeting one more time. Across the bare dirt yard from her open front door, her mother could be seen sweeping the back porch of her house, which occupies the front portion of the same lot. Healey's mother, Barbara Nestor, has been a member of the CPUSA for 54 years and is still a rigid adherent of the Party line on all matters. Under the circumstances, she can only think of her daughter as a renegade, but there is still a powerful allegiance between them. The family's commitment to the socialist ideal runs through three generations, from old Mrs. Nestor to Dorothy's son, Richard, 30, who failed to join the Party only because he felt he could serve Marxism better outside it. With Richard, a mathematician and economist, in the back room studying and Mrs. Nestor diligently at work on her porch, Healey was enveloped in an atmosphere of continuity and sustenance in which her exclusion from the fastidious Chile committee's "united front" did not seem to penetrate very deeply.

"I think I may have inherited a Wobbly approach from my mother," she said, having stilled the phone for a spell. "My mother is a charter member of the Party. She'd been a member of the old Socialist Party in Denver before the Communist Party was formed, and when it got started in 1919, she was among the first to join. My earliest memories, as a matter of fact, are of going to socialist meetings in

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Denver, two or three years old. *The Red Flag* being sung.

"I'd say that my reading was an equally significant influence—not serious political literature, but novels—Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, Thoreau, Jack London. I guess I was eight or nine when I started reading them, and boy oh boy, how they did get to me, particularly Upton Sinclair. By the time I was 12 or 13, I knew very clearly what I wanted to do with my life. There was never any question. The important thing was building a revolutionary movement. So when the YCL asked me to drop out of high school and work in a cannery when I was 16, I had absolutely no objection.

"My mother was furious. She never forgave them for that. She's still outraged. She thought it was philistine. She said, 'What kind of nonsense is it to call this 'a bourgeois education! The first job of a revolutionary is to get an education and know what you're talking about.' And she was right, you can't quarrel with that. But she was also mad at having her little daughter chosen as the guinea pig to test out this policy of taking jobs in places like canneries in order to organize workers. Anyway, it was a very comforting thing, growing up in the Young Communist League. On one shoulder you had infallibility and on the other, inevitability."

[THE CASE OF COMRADE HEALEY]

Nostalgia is something of an occupational disease among Communists of long-standing—it can lead them to pine for the old days when a worker was a worker and a boss was a boss. But Healey still sees the class struggle in vivid terms, and her enthusiasm for the Marxist solution is undimmed by time and disappointment. Having given her best energies to labor organizing, having attracted a great many people into the Party, she is distressed to think that her resignation might feed what she calls the "stupid, vulgar anti-Communism" still pervasive on the Left—an unconscious, subliminal legacy, she feels, of the *I-Led-Three-Lives* mythology that was sewn so deeply into the culture in the '50s.

"The main reason I left the Party is not one that is necessarily operative for other people. Starting in 1960, the national leadership, and most particularly Gus Hall, began a very sharp national, but private, attack on me. It was never done publicly, never in print, never when I was present. But I'd hear about it second-hand. People would come back from national conferences in places like Minnesota and say, 'My God, you ought to hear how they talk about you!' And I'd learn that Gus had come in to make a speech that would include something about Comrade Healey this and that . . . I didn't really give a damn, I'd say, 'Forget it.' But my name was becoming anathema. I was becoming a symbol of all that was evil and anti-Soviet and anti-working class. So, eventually, instead of enhancing the fight for clarity within the Party, I was becoming a drawback. The fight centered around 'Dorothy Healey,' not around any of my ideas.

"Up until 1968, as far as this area was concerned, those attacks had very little effect. The Southern California Party wasn't involved. Here people had known me all my life, all their lives, and it didn't matter. But after the invasion of Czechoslovakia a real split developed in this district, too, and after that it didn't really make any difference what I had to say on any question—the bulk of the remaining Party members would react as though my name were the definition of evil.

"Part of the institutionalization of Marxism is the development of certain catch phrases that cover all possibilities and subsume all reality. It's what is known in the Party as 'the class approach.' And what that represents is some mystic quality that makes any pronouncement the Party has on any issue supposedly representative of the best interests of the working class, always, inevitably and everywhere. If your approach happens to be different, then you're classless, you become petit bourgeois.

"I was never interested in debate for debate's sake, but I've always believed it to be essential for better policy to emerge. To think that Marxism can be reduced to a set of recipes is to make a mockery out of one of its essential qualities, dialectics, which requires a sensitivity to what is new, an ability to see the truth itself as revolutionary. You can't educate people to understand what Marx called 'the real movement of history' if you're forbidden to talk about the mistakes of the past. Unless you're able to learn from the experience of the pioneer socialist countries, you're going to have to settle for repeating all their mistakes. So it wasn't only democracy within our local American party that I was concerned with, but democracy as a decisive question facing the socialist world. Democracy is not a luxury. It's not peripheral. It's essential to the development of communist society.

"Before '56, before the 20th Party Congress, there were many disagreements within the Party, but we weren't conscious of any larger context in which there was a larger relevance. We were fighting isolated fights, and we never stopped to consider their relationship to a long-range critique of the revolutionary movement. It wasn't until after '56 that I got an awareness of the significance of what my own positions were. It took a long time to understand that. When you've been primarily an activist, questions of policy become secondary, and it takes a lot of introspection, a lot of re-reading and new reading, to discover the framework of what it is you're fighting, what it is you're dissatisfied with. I look back at my own life, all those years that I was so active, and I'm aware of how seldom I asked myself: where is this activity leading? I would have said, socialism, socialist revolution. But I never gave any thought to the various policies and where they came from and how they applied to the basic objectives of Marxism. They say that in battle the individual soldier has no idea of what's going on a hill away. Well, that's certainly true in the class struggle, as well. Want a cup of coffee?"

[NO PRIVILEGED SANCTUARIES]

During the long verbal seige laid against her, Healey was simultaneously attacked inside the Party as a deviationist to the left and to the right: to the left because of her unswerving attention to the meaning of democratic centralism; and to the right for her inclination to work inside the Democratic Party, to cooperate with liberal organizations when compatible issues were at hand, and to take part in election campaigns. ("I

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wouldn't give capitalism any privileged sanctuaries," she would say.) Mainly, however, her differences with the Party leadership might be traced to a style of thought and discourse she acquired in the '30s and '40s while working as a labor organizer with such various unions as the Cannery and Agricultural Workers, the State, County and Municipal Workers, and the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers. "Within the Party," she said, "you just had to get the words in the proper order. You had to learn the stations of the cross. But as a labor spokesman, you had to be convincing, you had to answer the real questions people had on their minds, and you couldn't do that with dogma and rhetoric."

Her comrades were flabbergasted when she was appointed a California Deputy Labor Commissioner in 1940, though no more so than the governor was when he learned a year later just who she was. That led to the first of her many appearances before various subversive activities committees barnstorming through Southern California. But, apart from six months spent in jail before and after a Smith Act case in 1951, she fared exceedingly well under the righteous lash, taking the fifth wherever she could and bursting into great flights of volubility on all questions of politics and theory. The 1970 report of the California State Senate Committee on Un-American Activities speaks of her in some awe, noting her skills as a speaker, her thoughtfulness and courage, and her spirit of selfless dedication. Observing that she never earned more than $65 a week doing work that demanded virtually all her time and energies, the report concluded ruefully that "if the opponents of communism would be willing to accept such small compensation and work as hard to preserve the country as the communists do to subvert it, most of the threat from internal subversion would rapidly decline."

[PERSONAL AND POLITICAL]

But her service to the Party was not without its cost. Although each of her three husbands was himself a Party member, the conflict between marriage and political commitment was never happily resolved, and since 1957, when she was divorced for the final time, she has lived alone, supporting herself in a modest way through such activities as telephone surveying and polls. Recently, she was obliged to sell her library, 4,500 items, to a university, and she still must cast around for a livelihood speaking and writing. ("How to use that goddamned *L.A. Times* like Marx used the *Herald-Tribune!*" she said, exhorting herself to get busy on a short piece for the editorial page.) But out of this domestic turmoil has come "a rigorous thinker," "a challenging intellect," "a truly serious scholar," which are just a few of the ways Healey has found to describe her son Richard.

"My response to being a mother was different from being a wife," she said. "As a wife, I always required that it be understood that my primary obligation was to the Party. But I didn't expect a child to understand that. I saw too many cases of children who grew up resenting the Party for having taken their parents away. When a child wants its mother, it can't wait for the understanding of a collective. So after Richard was born in 1943, I made some hard and fast rules for myself, and everybody knew what they were. Between five and seven in the evening, I wouldn't answer the phone, never mind what Roosevelt was doing or what Stalin said. On the weekends, one day was Richard's, and if he happened to wake up or cry out during a meeting in the evening, I'd stop the meeting and be responsive to him. That didn't mean there weren't heartaches as a result of having me as a mother. He grew up during the heart of McCarthyism and, well, with my name in the papers, children can be cruel. Then during the Smith Act case, when he was eight, I wound up spending six months in jail. My heart almost broke one time when a doctor told me that Richard was overeating because he was worried about me. I couldn't believe it, and so very naively I said to Richard, 'You're not worried about all this, are you? You know that what we're working for is worthwhile, that we're trying to make things better in the world.' And he looked at me very seriously and said, 'Every night I'm afraid you won't be here in the morning.' I almost died for him I felt so bad. So it wasn't easy on Richard or on the men I married either. There isn't a wall that separates family, country and Party."

Now that she is on her own, Healey is frequently visited by people eager to enlist her in new causes and, in the doing, maximize her split with the Party. But while she feels an obligation to support any movement that includes a clear socialist ethic and a strong organizational perspective, she is biding her time, still becoming accustomed to the painful luxury of pure political freedom of thought.

"We're living in a time of paradox, where we've got a radicalized consciousness in the United States at the same time that the Left is more fragmented than it has been at any time in the century. I look back on the decade of the '60s and see that because there was no vanguard party that had the vision to recognize the meaning of the changes going on, that huge, significant decade passed by without producing one really important mass organization. Millions participated in demonstrations, but they didn't join anything. Now, the organizations that do exist tend to see only the need to make a strong revolutionary identification without seeing the need to move and organize millions. But you only have revolutionary identity insofar as you're able to do that. You need both aspects—advanced revolutionary thinking and a clear mass perspective."

The attacks on her have left her without a trace of rancor or bitterness. "Personifying the problems it has with individuals is something that's common in Marxist structures. Take Lin Piao. Lin Piao is now looked upon as a 'counter-revolutionary renegade,' and you're expected to think of him that way. But it's a good idea to ask yourself, 'Why wasn't I able to perceive that about Lin Piao when he was 'the trusted helmsman'? Still, the Party has to do that, and you have to be compassionate about it. If someone of significance leaves and the Party takes it lightly, that erodes the mystique of the organization, which is something that must be built.

"So I'm not at all hurt by any of this. I'm hurt that there doesn't exist a viable alternative. I'm hurt by the fact that hundreds of thousands of people want to belong to something they can believe in, and there's no place for them to go. I'm hurt because we've failed them. How else are they going to stand the tedium, the trivia, the banality and cruelty of capitalist existence?" ■

ALLEN ZAK

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The Fall of Santiago

When I arrived on September 4th of this year, Chile was in suspense, bound by the state of siege Allende's enemies had been preparing since 1970: there was no gasoline, no bread, no meat, no wine, NOTHING. Santiago was a dead city: the shops closed, with only a few small stores half open, their owners fearful of the threats made by the *Patria y Libertad* rightist terrorists. Traffic was scarce and the few drivers looked at one another with a combination of curiosity and fear. At Pudahuel Airport I saw a lot of Americans and fawning hangers-on waiting around. "Why have you come at a time like this? You must be crazy! Don't you know there's going to be a coup any minute?" my brother and nephew asked me. Of course I knew. Everybody knew. And I thought of Eduardo Frei travelling around the U.S. tying things together, of Mr. Edwards and his Pepsi-Cola bottles, of the Inter-American Development Bank, the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, all closed like oysters to the Allende government's loan applications, but so friendly and openhanded with the Chilean armed forces.

In the past, my arrivals had always been with pisco sours in the light breeze and mist of Santiago, the groves of Forestal, the confused medley of the Alameda, the whirlwind of cars in the Baquedano Plaza. My apartment looks out over the Park, towards San Cristobal, towards the mountains, the sunset on Mapocho. But this time I found the silent edginess of the calm before the storm.

The coup of September 11 was one of the most perfectly executed in the history of Latin America. There was suspense, but no great surprise. Everyone knew it was coming: Allende and the Cardinal, Frei and Jarpa, the young members of Patria y Libertad and the Catholic University, the newspapers and magazines, the CUT (Central Workers' Federation), the parties in the *Unidad Popular,* diplomats, secret agents and journalists.

Nevertheless everyone thought that at the last minute a compromise could be worked out. Everyone? Well, not exactly. The central committee of the Socialist Party, and especially Senator Carlos Altamirano, the Secretary General, struggled to the end for a hard line. But the Right had little resistance otherwise. Rodriguez, the Führer of Patria y Libertad, was seen at mass in a posh district of the city disguised as a woman with a lip-sticked rosebud mouth and a fox piece draped around his neck. Everyone had thought he was in Ecuador. The judges of the Appellate and Supreme Court released every fascist terrorist who happened to be captured. The President of the Supreme Court passed the time writing insulting letters to Allende. The Controller General enthusiastically collaborated in paralyzing the administration of the country. By the end of the week cars and buses vanished. From my balcony I looked with astonishment at the empty streets, the shuttered windows, the neighbors peering out from behind drawn shades.

On Sunday the 9th, Delia Dominguez, a writer, telephoned to say she had just been with Pablo Neruda in Isla Negra. "He looks bad, very bad. The doctor gives him only a few more months." Neruda had suddenly told her to get in touch with me immediately, to call me in California, since he didn't know I had already arrived in Santiago. I picked up the telephone and dialed 08, then asked for 2. Matilde answered. Pablo was talking from his bed and I could hear his voice. "Tell him to come today," he said, "Yes, right now, today." But I had no car, no one would drive me. We left it that I would see them on the morning of Tuesday the 11th, and that I would come along with Jose Miguel Varas, the writer who was working with Neruda on a letter to the *New York Times* about ITT. Mrs. Allende, who had just returned from Mexico, expected me for lunch the next day. I thought I could do both: see Neruda and then go to La Moneda where I might be able to see the President. But on Tuesday, a bit after 7 a.m., Jose Miguel Varas called. "Companero, the trip to Isla Negra is off. It's begun. The navy has taken Valparaiso and Puerto Montt. I have to get busy. If you want to come down to Channel 7, I'll be here." I never heard from Varas again. I don't know whether he is dead, alive or in prison. Channel 7 never went on the air.

[THE TAKEOVER]

I turned on the radio; there was only one station, transmitting in the name of the armed forces, and announcing the revolt against the government and calling on the people to remain calm. I tried other stations. The rest of the dial was dead. Later I learned that all the transmission towers and stations had been attacked and taken over during the first minutes of the coup. The armed forces proclaimed their total victory. Announcements were mixed with military marches. Imagine the nightmare of listening night and day to every conceivable march ever composed. All the German military marches from World Wars I and II.

I could hear the steady clatter of machine guns, isolated shots from rifles and carbines, the roaring of tank guns. All the firing seemed to come from the center of Santiago. My conservative neighbors began raising their Chilean flags; a few old ladies went out on their terraces and beat on new pots and pans. The noise from the battle in the center of the city grew louder. Suddenly radio Magallanes came on the air and we heard President Allende's familiar voice. He warned the people that the armed forces had revolted, that he was in La Moneda and called on the workers to occupy factories and key buildings.

By now the tanks were firing on La Moneda. There was

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by Fernando Alegria

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steady return fire from the Ministries of Public Works and Finance. Down in the street I could see people running for shelter. Private cars were racing towards the suburbs, Providencia and Las Condes. The military radio stations kept asking people to get off the streets. I was sure there must be bitter fighting in the SUMAR factory. (Days earlier there had been a serious clash between members of the Air Force and workers, a dress rehearsal for events to come.)

The neighbors now lowered in their flags, closed their windows, pulled the curtains. This wasn't going to be any picnic. The entrenched enemies of Allende, all those who had called for his head a few days before, were loading their guns to fend off the workers' brigades that might advance on Santiago from the industrial belt surrounding the city. The upper class residential districts were organized militarily from block to block.

If the confrontation had been exclusively between the political forces of the Left and Right, with the Armed Forces divided, the Left would have carried the day. What made the Government put the brakes on an armed offensive by the Unidad Popular? I think Allende realized from the start that the confrontation was going to be with all the Armed Forces and that to arm the people at the last minute would have meant to lead them into a massacre.

At any rate, during the first hours of yesterday morning, the center of Santiago was a desperate battleground as the final assault on La Moneda was being prepared. Allende spoke for a second time over Radio Magallanes. His voice was calm, matter of fact, the words well chosen. He called on the people to confront the enemy decisively, to avoid useless heroics. "Don't let yourselves be mown down," he said. When he asked that his personal sacrifice be understood I looked at my friends and thought I caught the full meaning of Allende's words. The *compañero Presidente* was saying farewell to the workers, the slum dwellers, the peasants, the students, the intellectuals, men and women, to all of us who had believed in him and followed him in victory and defeat. I realized that Allende would never come out of La Moneda alive.

The Armed Forces gave him an ultimatum. A group of women left La Moneda. The military controlled radio stations repeated that the Palace would be bombed by the Chilean Air Force. The ultimatum was shortened to three minutes. But the three minutes passed and the planes hadn't appeared. Were they negotiating? The junta later claimed that they offered Allende a plane so that he and his family could leave the country, that three Allende representatives went to the Defense Ministry to discuss surrender terms, that later a patrol was sent to take him away but ran into intense sniper fire on the way. And then the planes came from Los Cerrillos: two Hawk-Hunters. We ran to the back window where we could see the UNCTAD building and, towards the city center, the roofs of the ministries and La Moneda. The planes flew over to us and dipped into a wide curve along the Cerro San Cristobal. Suddenly, at incredible speed and with horrifying noise, almost touching the roof tops, they dove on La Moneda. The rockets left a trail of fire and the explosions echoed throughout the city. They repeated the attack more than ten times. Enveloped by smoke the Palace was suddenly silent. Then the military radio station called the fireman to put out the fire.

[THE RUMORS AND THE UGLY TRUTH]

Someone telephoned us. The most incredible thing about this whole nightmare is that the Santiago telephones never went out; in fact they never worked so well. The caller gave details of what was happening to La Moneda. The artillery, machine gun and rifle and pistol fire continued. The Moneda battle was ending. And the rumors began to fly: Allende had committed suicide, he shot himself with a machine gun Fidel had given him. *NO!* Allende died fighting. He had a helmet on and his hands were covered with gun powder. Augusto Olivares died with Allende. Also his daughters. They have just bombed Tomás Moro.

The truth is that people were fighting and continued fighting in SUMAR, the State Technical University, the Quimantú publishing building, the Pedagogical School, the Law School, the UNCTAD, the workers' districts. The battles raged all night. The day of treason, of shame and defeat, was a gray winter day, more like August than September. The night sky was thick with the smoke from the explosions and fires. We had to close the windows because the stench was unbearable. Rumors continued to spread: The Palestros died in SUMAR, Altamirano was badly wounded and taken to the Military Hospital.

Later it was said that during the Moneda battle Ministers Almeyda, Toha, Government Secretary Vergara and other people remained in a basement. Supposedly President Allende and his personal bodyguards were in another. Orlando Letelier, the Defense Minister, was taken prisoner in his office. From a very reliable source we later learned that Almeyda, Letelier and the others were taken to the Tacna

Fernando Alegria, photographed while the coup was in progress.

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"Soldiers—don't obey the bosses, fight on the side on the workers."

Celebration of Allende's third year of government. "Unity and struggle against military coups."

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Removing political graffiti from Santiago's walls.

La Moneda, *the Presidential Palace, after the attack. President Allende's window, upper right.*

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Barracks and then moved to the Military Academy.

The rumors kept up, friends and comrades died and a few minutes later were resurrected. The confusion of telephone reports was like theater of the absurd. Suddenly I realized how clever the junta had been to let the telephones alone: amidst shots, explosions, bombings and fires Santiago's population was on the telephone, keeping up a custom which is a national institution, *la copucha.*

The hours and the days passed. General Leigh told the press the Armed Forces had been truly surprised by the low level of resistance the Unidad Popular supporters had put up: Mass resistance was ending. That was clear. Curfew was reduced. "We're not going to let snipers take advantage of nightfall," said General Pinochet. People began to come out, stupefied, to find that the shops had reopened and that all those things which had been so scarce but a week before were now in superabundance.

At the same time another type of resistance was being born: urban guerrilla struggle. At night, awake in the cold corridors of the monastery where I spent my last days in Santiago, I could hear the clash between guerrillas and soldiers. A few pistol shots, long silences, then sporadic firing, machine guns, occasionally artillery, silence again, a long and uneasy silence, and I began to fall asleep to the monotonous drone of a light plane flying over the neighborhood, watching the shadows and the furtive movements between alleys and rooftops.

In the morning the screaming of the Hawk-Hunters woke up all of Santiago. They were flying north to bomb some far-off settlement. The mornings were bright and clear. A Chilean spring of poplars and broom. In the monastery courtyard the ancient trees were shimmering and one maple in particular burned like old copper in front of my door.

Radio stations and newspapers reappeared. First *El Mercurio,* then *La Tercera* and later *La Segunda* and *La Prensa* and *Eveilla.* All of them—radio, television, newspapers—were at the junta's service, lauding the armed revolt in their different ways. *El Mercurio* celebrated the end of freedom of the press in Chile with euphoria. The junta issued one decree after another. Chile was being regimented quickly. The oath of allegiance ceremony attended by the members of the junta was held under an enormous painting of O'Higgins, the liberator of Chile, and was televised in its every detail all over the country. The one thing I remember about the ceremony is how stiff they all looked, the emotion of some sexton, a Channel 13 announcer who spoke solemnly of "historical transcendence," the disproportionate, guttural, military-campaign voice of General Pinochet and the monotonous replies of his ministers and aides. I also thought that if there were a struggle within the junta, in the tradition of most Latin American juntas, General Leigh would probably be the victor. He has a particular hardness, decisiveness and indirect perspicacity—something we Chileans recognize immediately—something akin to a good boxer's skill at psyching out his opponent, qualities that clearly distinguish him from his military colleagues.

One of the priests at the monastery was a volunteer fireman and in the afternoon I found him sitting on the garden steps, his clothes wet, his face pale and sooty, his eyes fixed on the ground. I sat down and we talked. He had seen a lot of people die. He had gone to La Moneda. He had seen President Allende's body, Olivares and the President's personal bodyguards. His description of the scene in the ante-chamber in La Moneda didn't exactly coincide with another I heard later. I don't mean to suggest either of these people was lying, only that they saw different things. One saw the body of the President on the floor, the other on the sofa. They both said they saw traces of blown-out brains on a tapestry behind the sofa, but at the same time they added that the President was wearing an army helmet.

[THE VULTURES]

The junta released a communique that appeared in the newspapers. They said that Allende committed suicide and added that there were heavy traces of gunpowder on his hands which suggested, according to the same communique, that the President had been firing for a long time. Knowing Allende as I did, however, I am convinced he died fighting, with a machine gun in his hands. He was determined to fight on in La Moneda. If the junta is using the word "suicide" metaphorically to describe the fact that Allende was alone facing an entire army, then I can accept the official communique although I find their use of metaphors deplorable.

Allende tried to find a political solution to the Chilean crisis up to the very end. I believe Allende achieved practically all he felt he could accomplish in his "Chilean road to socialism." Any solution—a compromise with the Christian Democrats, for example—was turned down. It's possible that, at the end, Allende was disposed to accept a plebiscite, that he offered one as a last resort to avoid a civil war. The Christian Democrats and the military responded with a resounding "NO." They demanded his resignation. No more, no less.

I'll never forget the night an individual on Channel 13, dressed up in the dregs of a military uniform from some tropical operetta, half sergeant, half bullfighter, with a gun strapped on, went through Allende's house showing the viewers the "riches" hidden in the kitchen, the pantry, the living room, the bedrooms. He was like a vulture as he hovered over canned goods, fruit juice, detergent and bottles of wine which were supposed to prove the Allendes were hoarders. What he didn't realize was the disgust and repugnance that began to surface among viewers, who saw that the President of Chile's house didn't have half of what every big shot, every professional, every trucker, had hidden away in the suburbs. This character, or maybe another unveiled the "Riches" of El Cañaveral, the President's country house, and insinuated that they had found "pornographic objects and highly compromising photographs."

As I listened to the Channel 13 lackeys, I thought of all the lovely times I had spent with the Allendes, before and after the Unidad Popular victory. The last visit was in March. Julie Cortázar, the Argentine novelist, and I had been invited to Tomás Moro for lunch. I went with Isabel, my youngest daughter. The Cuban ambassador and other friends came with their children. It was a beautifully happy table with a traditional basket of Chilean fruit in the center. Allende was pleased. He liked having all the young people. He proposed a toast. After lunch we had a whiskey; he had

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nothing. We talked alone for awhile about Manuel Rojas, the great Chilean novelist, who, without knowing it, was dying of cancer and wanted to be named a consul. The President appointed him the next day, but Manuel died a few days later. That was the last time I was with Allende. He was relaxed and optimistic.

And now all these people in uniform want to erase his memory, and destroy his image forever. With one blow they hope to wipe out all left political parties, more than one million workers organized in the CUT (Central Workers' Federation), anyone who won't blindly accept and follow their decrees. They want to resell the country to foreign investors. The junta is trying to smash a political and cultural tradition that is over a century old.

No one would deny that the Unidad Popular Government made serious mistakes. But it is a waste of time to talk about incompetence, dogmatism, bad administration in key sectors of the economy. I would rather discuss other things, subtle things, that may reveal a more lasting and important lesson. I think Allende, at some point, began to lose his way. He didn't seem to fully realize that to open a path towards socialism—*la via Chilena*—meant, concretely, to close, yes, *close*, the road that was still left open to the national oligarchy and U.S. imperialism. And that can't be done peacefully, no matter how much we love peace, nor can it be done within a legal framework created by the oligarchy so that it can rule unchecked and, more precisely, suppress or at least slow down socialist revolutions. The seeds of violence were planted in the first steps taken on the "Chilean road to socialism" in spite of all that President Allende tried to do to restrain and control that violence.

The reactionary majority in Congress, plus the judiciary and the Controller General, declared a war to the death against Allende, and Allende tried to confront them within the rigid framework of the Constitution. The truckers' union—whose sinister role in Chile's tragedy needs to be thoroughly investigated—declared war not just on Allende but on the Chilean people as a whole, paralyzing commerce with two fatal strikes. Wholesalers and retailers did the same, and so did reactionary sections of the Medical and Legal Associations, as well as small self-employed workers. Allende fought all of them with legal means.

It was like trying to stop bullets with your hands. Groups on the far Left took the bull by the horns and imposed on Allende a politics based on *faits accomplis,* in the countryside as well as in industry. Allende never quite committed himself to this strategy. If he had done so, a civil war would have been unleashed immediately.

[LESSONS OF CHILE]

At the risk of simplifying things, the problem is that to bring about a revolution by constitutional means is to conceive of revolution as an institution in progress. Allende gave his life in the process of building a more just society for the Chilean people, but he avoided the possibility of violence which could have provoked a mass sacrifice. Allende didn't hesitate to die standing up to a faceless enemy. There was a kind of tragic contradiction in it all: an individual sacrifice was made in a situation which called for a massive showdown.

When I left Chile on a bright spring afternoon, with the streets full of people and a military barricade at the edge of Pudahuel Airport, I was wondering what the world would be saying about the lessons of Chile. Would they be saying anything new? Anything that wasn't said after the Spanish Civil War? All our friends can say "We told you so." And they have a right to say it. Nevertheless, even accepting all the criticism, I can't help but think that the tragedy of Chile continues to be unique. We believed in myths which have cruelly destroyed us and yet we want to go on believing in them. Perhaps this touching naiveté is worthy of respect, and can eventually redeem us. We believed in our century-old democratic institutions. It's possible that when the military just begins to enjoy its power and to feel comfortable, this faith of ours will lead us Chileans to rebel and demand a return to constitutionality, to elections and human rights, and if that demand is not heeded we shall protest and fight. Politically speaking, we believe that we are one of the most mature nations in Latin America, with a clear and firm consciousness of the value of our trade union organizations, and so when the junta outlaws the CUT they may well find themselves sitting right on top of a sit-down strike.

People who boast of their lack of "political experience," as do the members of the junta, imagine that political problems will always be solved at gunpoint and in prisons. This is the Brazilian model; but Chile cannot be converted economically into a little Brazil, and neither will the Chileans, whatever their politics, ever accept permanent regimentation by the military. And while the Chilean military confess to their lack of political experience, it is too bad that they use it as an excuse for their barbaric behavior.

There is something absurd in the suggestion, but the truth is that what is going on in Chile right now is a kind of macabre happening, a dance of death with real dancers, a bloody demystification, outward violence bringing in its wake an even more terrible and secret inner destruction.

It is as if Chile has brutally come of age, as if this revolt, by false or mistaken patriots, by hoarders, speculators and black marketeers, by efficient managers of a sinister and pathetic *lumpen*; this revolt, matching Goya's saddest masks, will go down in history as our moment of truth, the moment in which Chilean myths were shattered forever, the moment in which we must move forward and struggle, save ourselves or die.

Will we stand alone? ■

"Down with the junta assassins."

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Supercops of the Streets

by Howard Kohn

James Bannon slid his .38-caliber "Bodyguard" revolver into a desk drawer and pulls out a Puccini tape cartridge. He clicks the tape into his portable cassette player and punches a button. And the bittersweet arias and *recitativo* of *Madame Butterfly* suddenly flutters like homeless doves into the harsh corridors of Detroit police headquarters. Today he is wearing a doubleknit suit with a delicate maroon motif, a deep rose shirt, a richly textured gray-and-burgundy tie, and maroon shoes with silver buckles; each razor-cut hair is properly in place.

Commander James Bannon, mastermind of a violent police strategem known as STRESS, is a study in enigmatic elegance, stuck in a third-floor office with a stale brown desk of scumbled coffee stains and dirty sweat and walls that are a drab institutional green. At the moment, Bannon is only a Detroit police district inspector; a dozen cops rank above or equal to him in the 5000-member department. But even his superiors have taken to calling him "Commander" in a tone rich with deference. Few seem to doubt that he soon will be their boss, directing a police department that, at a diminutive five-feet-seven, he once was technically too small to join.

The reason is STRESS, or the Felony Prevention Squad as it is euphemistically called—the secret-police unit that Bannon hatched in early 1971. STRESS is Detroit's own version of the White House Plumbers, a troubleshooting team with a crackerjack mentality and supercop authority.

"STRESS officers could be described as combination CIA agents and Green Berets with badges," *Detroit News* Columnist Allen Phillips wrote last March, presumably in support of STRESS. "They are an elite group. Mostly volunteers, they are highly motivated. Increasingly they run independent investigations on their own hook. But they are invisible. . . . They show up on no charts."

["A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY"]

Where they do show up is anywhere their suspicions lead them. It was past 3 a.m. last Dec. 4 when three STRESS officers slammed their rifle butts against the door of a shuttered brick house in a quiet residential patch of northwest Detroit. The Rev. Leroy Cannon sleepily assumed it was a parishioner. "But by the time I got to the bottom of the stairs, I saw my front door was kicked in and three guns were pointing at me," Rev. Cannon recalled . "One guy grabbed me by the shoulder and threw me against the wall. He looked like a maniac. He said to me, 'I hope you have a gun, motherfucker, because I'd like to kill you.'"

The STRESS cops were wearing denims, high-top boots

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and long hair. They did not have a search warrant. They jammed a gun in his wife's face, Rev. Cannon said, yanked his 17-year-old daughter out of bed, and spreadeagled his 13-year-old-son against the kitchen wall.

Commander Bannon later explained that his undercover agents had been hunting for three gunmen who had wounded four fellow officers earlier that night. A gold Cadillac had been spotted near the scene of the gun battle. The Cannons, who lived nearly a mile from there, had nothing to do with the shooting, but were guilty of having a gold Cadillac parked in their driveway. To the STRESS cops, that was ample justification for the terrifying raid.

Five nights later, Durwood Foshee was alseep upstairs in his rickety frame house when nine scruffy-looking STRESS officers barged into the living room. Foshee, a 57-year-old out-of-work security guard who lived alone, apparently panicked at all the shouting and snatched a 12-guage shotgun from his closet. Foshee never reached the stairs—STRESS carbines cracked and ripped him apart. His body was found next to his bed in a bloody puddle. His shotgun had not been fired. The STRESS officers lamely told reporters an informer had tipped them off that a gang of fugitives was holed up in the house. Either they or the informer got the wrong address. Foshee had never been in trouble with the law in his life.

"He'd moved to this neighborhood because he thought it'd be safer, especially when his little grand-daughter came to visit," wept a bitter friend. "It hurts so bad to know it was the police who murdered him."

"Okay, sometimes our men get a little carried away," Bannon conceded diffidently, with less gusto than George Allen bawling out his players for roughing the kicker. Yet these were not cases to be dismissed as anomalies. In its first 30 months STRESS conducted an estimated 500 raids without search warrants; more chillingly, STRESS snuffed at least 20 civilians (Exact statistics are not available because almost all STRESS data is classified as "secret"). Among the known fatalities were two 15-year-old boys and off-duty sheriff's deputy. Yet Bannon and other police officials—at least until recently—shrugged at the complaints that flowed in.

"No god-damned bunch of intellectual eunuchs is going to tell professional policemen how to do their job," he scoffed early this year when a coalition of doctors, lawyers and professors asked for federal intervention to stop STRESS. In fact, even the shyest civil libertarians have been outraged by STRESS. Edward Bell, a wealthy Republican and former Circuit Court judge, testily blamed the unit for "creating a state of terror in this city." The Michigan Guardians, a group of black policemen, went as far as asking the U.S. Justice Department to investigate STRESS for violations of federal civil rights laws.

[DETROIT'S PACIFICATION PROGRAM]

What makes this immense disenchantment so meaningful is that STRESS was initially welcomed by a huge majority of Detroit residents, including most in the impoverished core city. STRESS, the acronym for Stop The Robberies-Enjoy Safe Streets, seemed like an innovative antidote to street crime. To the few skeptics, it seemed relatively harmless, more like a stratagem in public relations than in gangsterism. Police 'decoys were going to walk the inner city streets posing as hippies, whores, alkies and old ladies to lure street robbers into attacking them. The theory was that muggers would quit their profession once they knew that the drunk hugging his empty muscatel bottle might be a cop in disguise.

Bannon used a media blitz to sell the concept, making his case with front-page headlines and fervent television interviews. STRESS was a real-life scenario conceived to inspire even the most jaded media professional: A police network covertly infiltrating high-crime neighborhoods to catch criminals redhanded. In actuality, the decoy setup was only part of an overall clandestine operation that included extra-legal searches and surveillance on a wide range of "criminal" suspects—among them militant Vietnam veterans and radical auto workers. But the decoy system became the focus for what was known about STRESS. "This is proactive policing. STRESS officers don't wait to be told about a crime; they interdict crime," Bannon explained.

Bannon was speaking to the swelling paranoia and collective desperation of inner city Detroit. In 1970, there were 23,038 robberies, which translated into one of every 65 Detroiters getting ripped off while operating a shop, drinking at a bar or walking home; for adults living in the inner city, the chances were closer to about one in 12. The number of heroin addicts, and their need for cash to buy the addictive powder, was rapidly rising. Many nomadic junkies camped out and shot up behind paneless windows and rotting timbers in 15,000 inner city houses abandoned to the rats and wreckers by a bankrupt HUD program. An array of German Shepherds stood sentry in the yards of those residents who still clung to the inner city turf.

Enter the officers of STRESS. They were 100 of the toughest men on the force (again the precise figure is unavailable), volunteering for the danger and status that went with it. They gathered each evening, just before dusk, in a musty corner of police headquarters, where they huddled over decoy assignments. There was a locker-room smell, and mood, to the room. Raunchy jokes caromed off the walls; so did puffed-up tales from the previous night's adventures. Excitement crackled. A sign on a wall read: "Caution—You are entering a war zone."

This was the camaraderie of wartime. The enemy was waiting out there on the streets. Even the jargon turned militaristic. The "point" was the lead decoy in a one-one-two cotillion; the "backup" followed a few steps behind the "point;" the other two officers (usually ducking in and out of alleys) were the "cover." Each man strapped on two or three guns. The result was predictable—casualities, including three civilians in one week, a shocking *tour de force* in apparent retaliation for the courtroom freeing of a man accused of wounding a STRESS officer.

Then, when STRESS Patrolman Robert Bradford became first in the unit to be killed in action last Dec. 27, his brother officers turned the city upside down looking for a trio of suspects. "They had a standing order of 'Shoot to kill,'" insists Tom Moss, president of the black patrolmen's association. One man did get beaten to death when he tried to run away after being stopped for questioning in the case. By the time the manhunt was over in February, Bradford's killers had become heroes in certain quarters of the city.

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Only two weeks later Bradford's old mentor, STRESS Crew Leader Raymond Peterson, became first in the unit to be charged with murder. Peterson's name, even more than Bannon's, had been synonymous with STRESS. For two years he probably had been part of more violence than any individual cop across the nation. He had fired his gun in nine separate shootings in which three civilians were wounded and nine were killed. His bullets had struck at least eight of the nine. Nine times, homicide detectives and assistant prosecutors had investigated Peterson, a large-boned moose-hunting cop with a beard full of gray, hair pulled back from his forehead, and 41 citations in 13 years on the force. The first eight times they cleared him of all criminal culpability.

But then this year, in the early morning darkness of March 9, Peterson shot Robert Hoyt, a 24-year-old assembly line worker at Cadillac. Peterson, off duty at the time, said he fired at Hoyt in self-defense after Hoyt sideswiped him at 60 mph on the Chrysler Freeway and then slashed at him with a knife as the two grappled on the freeway service drive. Hoyt was found with a bullet hole in his chest and with a six-inch knife in his hand. Peterson's coat had a wicked tear in it. And another STRESS officer, riding with Peterson, confirmed his story. (That account, except for details, was essentially the same one he had presented in the eight previous killings: An armed stranger had had the bad luck to try to assault a dead-shot policeman.) "Nobody enjoys taking a human life. It's not something anyone enjoys, whether he's a policeman or a soldier," Peterson told *Detroit Free Press* Reporter Michael Graham. "But with us it's a conditioned reflex. Let's be realistic. . .The average thief is guy who doesn't give a damn. What he wants, he's going to get, no matter who he has to step on or how bad he has to hurt someone. It's better that he attacks us than some 70-year-old guy on a pension."

But Hoyt's friends challenged part of Peterson's report. They said Peterson and other STRESS officers had hung out in the same bars as Hoyt and had argued with him over a woman they mutually knew. Then a lab technician routinely examined Hoyt's knife and discovered that microscopic miscellany in Hoyt's pockets did not match cat hairs and other junk embedded in the knife handle. Not believing his own tests, he checked again. They still did not match. Then he picked up Peterson's slacks, fished some cat hairs out of the pockets and slid them under his microscope. This time they matched. The hairs had come from Peterson's pet cat; ergo the knife must have come from Peterson's pocket, not Hoyt's. This time the prosecutor filed charges, adducing that Peterson shot Hoyt and planted the knife in his hand.

Peterson's STRESS buddy, who apparently lied to protect him, was not charged. But the whole episode sent shock waves whipping through STRESS. "Jesus Christ, this could really screw things up," lamented one crew leader. "Ray Peterson is no more guilty of murder than a lot of us." Robert Zack, hired by the Detroit Police Officers Association to defend Peterson, appealed to the judge at his pretrial hearing: "Trying to separate Raymond Peterson from STRESS would be like trying to separate Martin Luther King from the civil rights movement. Raymond Peterson and STRESS are intricately interwoven."

The irresistable question soon popped up: Were Peterson and his cohorts really innocent of the other eight shootings?

Prosecutor William Cahalan seemed to anticipate the question. At least he confiscated the applicable homicide files and locked them in his office until after Peterson's trial, now set for late this year. Nonetheless, eyewitness accounts and available court records in just four of the eight cases reveal a staggering sum of damaging, if inconclusive, evidence.

Some facts are admittedly circumstantial. For instance, Peterson killed James Henderson on Sept. 9, 1971, four months after the same man escaped from a shootout in which Peterson killed a friend of Henderson. A surviving witness in the Sept. 9 shooting, a motel clerk who fiercely contends that Peterson shot Henderson in cold blood, was accused of mugging Peterson's "point " partner while the clerk was on duty in the motel where he works. An incredulous judge dismissed the charges against him.

In three of the four cases the victims were alleged to have carried knives. Without the homicide files, it's impossible to tell if these knives were inspected for cat hairs and the like. But Jeffrey Patzer, a young ex-policeman who quit the department after watching a gang of white cops beat up two black cops, fueled more speculation when he told *Detroit Free Press* Reporter Judith Frutig that his police instructors had advised him to always carry a knife in case he ever shot an unarmed citizen.

Other facts are less speculative and more garish. In the Clarence Manning case, Peterson testified he was 10 feet away when he fired the fatal bullet on May 29, 1971. But a ballistics report, subpoenaed in a civil suit a year later, shows that Peterson aimed his service revolver at Manning's heart and pulled the trigger from six inches away.

STRESS testimony does not jibe with physical evidence in yet another case, the slayings of Horace Fennick and Howard Moore on July 5, 1971. If the STRESS version is to be believed, then several bullets would have had to twist around buildings at right angles. In addition, two independent witnesses swear that Fennick and Moore were killed from an ambush after they tried to panhandle, not rob, the officers.

So far Prosecutor Cahalan has refused to discuss publicly how his office reached its "justifiable homicide" verdicts in any STRESS case. His two top assistants, James Garber and Dominick Carnovale, suggest privately that they were suspicious all along but didn't bring charges because they couldn't prove enough in court.

Even the most charitable spokesman in the prosecutor's office, however, cannot explain why the police department allowed Peterson and his crew to stay on the job for two years without any reconciliation of the bare facts. Each shooting was scrutinized as a matter of routine, by an in-house police board to determine if the officers had used undue force. Yet Peterson and the other officers were given the green light in all eight cases.

Police officials now say they won't furnish details of their internal inquiries because that might jeopardize Peterson's pending trial. But STRESS critics are not as reluctant to supply their opinions. Ken Cockrel, a radical lawyer who may well become Detroit's first black mayor, proffers a popular view: "It's obvious the police tried to protect their own ass to keep STRESS from being discredited."

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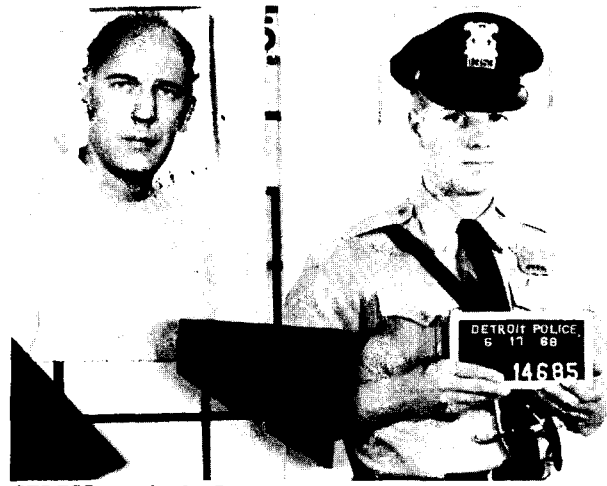
STRESS commander James Bannon



STRESS crew leader Raymond Peterson, indicted for murder.

Robert Bradford, slain December 27, 1972.

Hayward Brown (left) and lawyer Ken Cockrel (foreground).

[STRESS STRIKES OUT]

If that was the intention, it was certainly hurt by Peterson's downfall. A poll taken in May of this year, two months after Peterson's arrest, disclosed that only 26 percent of the people in the inner city still support STRESS, a figure shrunken from 78 percent in 1971 and 54 percent in 1972. Even Peterson's lawyer admitted his despair, requesting a change of venue because Detroit juries are now too hostile toward STRESS.

Nowhere was that more blatant than in the three trials this summer of Haywood Brown, charged in the killing of STRESS Patrolman Bradford and the wounding of five other STRESS officers. All three juries unanimously acquitted Brown, an 18-year-old ex-junkie who claimed he'd been waging a personal war against bigtime heroin dealers. Afterward, he became a celebrity able to command a dozen media interviews and several speaking appearances.

Brown's story began last Dec. 4 when he and two other self-styled vigilantes–Mark Bethune and John Percy Boyd–stalked up to the plush headquarters of Jack Crawford, a dope supplier known as the "Big Shooter" because of his wizardly ruthlessness in dispatching rivals. Brown and his companions, impatient at the police pace in tossing heroin czars behind bars, were out to extend guerrilla justice to Crawford. But they did not notice four STRESS cops on a stakeout, parked down the street in an unmarked car out of range of the streetlights.

Suddenly Crawford wheeled up in his new gold El Dorado, spotted the vigilantes in their floppy hats and long coats sneaking up to his house, and quickly roared away. Brown and his gang jumped into their rusty Volkswagon and gave chase. So did the STRESS crew in a Plymouth.

Crawford's 400-horsepower cruiser was soon out of sight. But within a few blocks, the Plymouth caught up with the Volkswagen and bumped it against the curb. STRESS Patrolman Billy Pierce vaulted out and crouched behind a car door. "I saw this guy leap out of the Volkswagen and raise a large pistol in both hands," Price recounted dourly, "I told myself, 'I can't believe he's going to shoot.' "

But the .357 Magnum shots caught Price in the shoulder and spun him to the sidewalk. It was the first time a STRESS crew had run into such professional counter-violence (Bethune, who reportedly led the precision fusillade, had received his weapons training from the Black Panther Party and the Republic of New Africa). In seconds, all four officers lay wounded, critically though not fatally, slumping about the Plymouth.

Brown, Bethune and Boyd escaped into the ghetto maze. Three weeks later they were cornered outside their hideout by two other STRESS officers–Bradford and his partner. Again the cops were beaten to the draw; Bradford died and the vigilantes got away.

Police commissioner Nichols was still so riled up the next evening that he snapped during his "Buzz the Fuzz" television show: "We're going to do everything we can to get those mad-dog killers." What followed was the most massive manhunt in Detroit history. Brown was finally captured on Jan. 12 in a bizarre skirmish at a planned parenthood clinic. Bethune and Boyd, disguised as a priest and nun, slipped past a police dragnet onto a flight for Atlanta, but were then killed six weeks later in blazing shootouts with police in the Deep South.

That ended the intense searching. But the ramifications were just beginning. First, Circuit Judge Thomas Foley, no iconoclast, ordered STRESS to stop harrassing Brown's family. Then Brown sauntered through his three trials, gaining fans every time he repeated his story. The STRESS officers, this time at least with some apparent basis in fact, told a packed courtroom that they had been assailed by wild gunslingers. But Brown pleaded self-defense. In the first gunbattle, he said, the vigilantes thought they had been intercepted by henchmen of the dope dealer they were chasing. In the second incident he claimed the STRESS officers shot first. During his capture, Brown said, he fired at police because he was afraid he'd be executed on the way to police headquarters if he surrendered. Three separate juries accepted his defense–admirably presented by Cockrel–and found him innocent.

Commander Bannon was furious, but he had to make some concessions to public opinion. For a time he scuttled all decoy missions, but he has now reinstated them, though under slightly more restrictive ground rules. Also, while shudders of annoyance scampered down their collective spine, his STRESS officers submitted to ticklish psychological tests: They all passed, even Peterson.

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A Decade of Unanswered Questions

by The Editors

It is difficult to believe that the assassination of John F. Kennedy is now ten years past. The whirl of images from those times is still imbedded in the national consciousness: Jackie Kennedy's blood-spattered dress where the torn head had been cradled; the gaunt and portentous Lyndon Johnson taking his oath of office aboard Air Force One; the Zapruder film whose frames showed the bullet hit and the body buckle; and the even more unreal television footage of Jack Ruby killing Lee Harvey Oswald. It seems like yesterday, but it also seems part of a bygone era, of a past that is further than a decade away. In November 1963, Americans were a people still capable of being shocked and outraged by an assault on what we thought of as an unblemished national identity.

In the outpouring of national grief that followed the death of J.F.K., we persuaded ourselves that something vital had gone out of our world with the death of this handsome young President, something as fragile as the myth of Camelot he had adopted for his own purposes. Yet if there was a backlash of guilty love that enshrined Kennedy after his death, it is well to remember that no such emotion greeted the last few months of his administration. Among his supporters, most of the Kennedy years were distinguished by wounded confusion over the disparity between his lofty rhetoric and the baseness of his acts. And among his enemies, those years were marked by unified hostility to what they regarded as his treasonous departures from the norms of political life that developed in the fifties.

It was a time of polarization between liberal and conservative, when the national attention was focused on the contradictory signals coming from Washington. The Kennedy administration had after all made politics *de rigeur;* the notion of the sleepy Eisenhower years that American history was made by the smooth machinery of the national consensus had given way to a conception of politics as the collision or knocking into each other with the force, if not the randomness, of molecules in a chemistry class demonstration.

[RIDDLE OF THE SPHINX]

It was no accident, therefore, that even before the casons bearing the casket and riderless horse had made its way to Arlington that there were rumors about a conspiracy to murder Kennedy. And Lee Harvey Oswald's first reactions upon capture did nothing to quench them; handcuffed and in tow, he had neither the bravado of the fanatic nor the bewilderment of the innocent, but the outrage of someone who actually seemed to believe that he was being made a "patsy." But by whom? Oswald was condemned to be the Sphinx in whose stony face many sought answers and received only riddles in return. He had no chance to elaborate before being shot by Jack Ruby. And Ruby, never brought to trial, was confined until his death, all the while pleading to be taken to a place of safety so that he could tell his full story. Whoever pulled the trigger that day at Dealey Plaza set off a wildfire of doubts; only later, as the questions multiplied along with the questioners, would this outbreak be controlled by insisting that such speculations were made of "wild paranoia."

Seeing the smoke from this fire, Lyndon Johnson initiated the Warren Commission to "relieve the nation's suspicions" and satisfy "the nation's need for facts." The staff worked hard, gathering mountainous evidence, documentation, and testimony. The Commission itself held extensive hearings, that would later run to 26 printed volumes. It all added up to a reassuring picture confirming early police reports in Dallas and attempting to discredit those conspiracy theories that had gained standing. It found that Lee Harvey Oswald (in a resonant phrase whose spirit would be

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summoned up each time a systemic crisis threatened the country in the long years ahead) was a "lone, crazed assasin" who fired three "fateful bullets" without help. Jack Ruby, the demimondain nightclubber, had murdered Oswald out of personal grief over J.F.K.'s death. Case closed: a tragic, but after all comprehensible episode; if there were ambiguities left over, that was just the nature of things. Only in textbooks was history tidy.

Even before the Warren Commission had finished its work, a legion of private citizens had begun to move ahead on their own investigations. They were called "assassination buffs" (the term implying a harmless fixation like collecting old cars). And with the likelihood of a conspiracy as their hypotheses, they propounded the questions that more "responsible" authorities nervously dismissed. If a group of people did conspire to murder Kennedy, who were they and what did they stand to gain? Who really shot him, and how many shots were actually fired? Where did the bullets come from, and how could they have so blatantly defied the laws of motion in their trajectories? Who was Lee Harvey Oswald and who was Jack Ruby? What was the significance of the community of white Russians living in Dallas?

In their quest for answers, some of the assassination buffs went up blind alleys. As amateur sleuths, they were tempted to look for the story or angle that would solve the conspiracy in one apocalyptically clever deduction; and in point of fact, they did not have the resources to get answers for many of the questions they proposed. But the very fact that they asked them was vitally important, for they broke ground the Warren Commission was disposed to ignore. And in their primary aim—to expose the tangle of loose ends, aborted and sloppy official investigations, and the chaos of contradictions and outright falsehoods which underlay the Warren Commission's report—they were successful.

[A SOCIAL AND POLITICAL AFFAIR]

The assassination buffs, although working without resources and without access to sealed papers, managed to touch a feeling in the country that the Warren Commission had not. If most people could not devote themselves enough to the evidence to understand the names, placed, and events that became the esperanto of the assassination buff, they at least believed with him that something was amiss. Mark Lane's *Rush to Judgement,* which appeared in August 1966, was an immediate best-seller. Afterwards, more documentary evidence began to emerge pointing toward Oswald's associations with U.S. intelligence organizations and right-wing Cuban exiles and anti-communists, and to Ruby's ties with the police, Teamsters, and organized crime. In September 1966, when Rep. Theodore Kupferman introduced a motion in Congress calling for a new inquiry into the assassination, his proposal won endorsement from Tom Wicker of the *Times,* the editors of *Life,* and other figures who could hardly be accused of wild paranoia. A Lou Harris poll in the fall of that year revealed that only 33% of the American people believed the cornerstone of the Warren Commission's report—that Kennedy was killed by a lone assassin.

The assassination had become a social and political affair, aligned in spirit with the anti-war movement, and very much a part of a period when entrenched authority was to be challenged and confronted. At the peak of its influence, the figure who was to become *the* assassination buff entered the picture. He was Jim Garrison, District Attorney of New Orleans. In February 1967, when the public was becoming increasingly responsive to suggestions for a new Dallas inquiry, Garrison announced that he had uncovered solid evidence of a plot to assassinate Kennedy, and promised to tie together the disparate strands of the amateur investigations. Agitation for a new inquiry gave way to expectancy about the Garrison investigation. Then expectancy gave way to despair. Garrison had promised everything and delivered nothing; the case against Clay Shaw and company degenerated into a show about fetishism and kinky sex.

Garrison's own role in the fiasco would be debated long after. Some saw him as the perpetrator of a hoax, as part of the conspiracy. They pointed out that Garrison himself was hardly in a position to investigate a conspiracy that probably involved figures from organized crime, for he was known to have continuing ties with the New Orleans mafia family of Carlos Marcello—a friend of Jimmy Hoffa and, like Hoffa, a high priority target of prosecution by the Kennedy administration. But whatever the reasons, Garrison failed, and when he did, the heart went out of the movement to reopen the Warren Commission.

Hindsight, as the saying goes, is always 20/20. It is possible to see now that the people involved in the assassination should not have let Garrison become the symbol of their movement. Yet is is probable that even if they had not done so, their citizens' inquiry into the death of J.F.K. would have foundered as the problems of the country multiplied in the late sixties. Another mistake of the assassination buffs was to deal with the assassination exclusively on the basis of "facts," contending against the casuistry of the Warren Commission and matching one arcane argument with another. Not everyone could read the 26 volumes of hearings. The assassination buffs let themselves get pushed into a corner by concentrating on specifics—it was either put up or shut up, produce the names of the trigger men or stop propounding conspiracy. But in picking up this gauntlet they missed an opportunity to describe the vectors of force and power (employing the eyes of a C. Wright Mills rather than a Sherlock Holmes) which had a stake in the assassination of Kennedy.

[THE DALLAS NEXUS]

By now the myth of a Camelot has been buried by a marriage to an aged Greek autocrat and by a succession of automobile accidents among those J.F.K. left behind. If the sentimentality has cleared, so have the politics of the Kennedy years. If his administration broke with Eisenhower's, it was primarily in rhetoric. The Cold War proceeded unimpaired, with the New Frontier standing up to the Communist enemy in Europe, in Cuba, and most portentously of all, in Southeast Asia. Yet the Kennedy administration had made enemies both by its peremptory handling of certain forces in American society and by the fact that it had unconsciously

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become the lightning rod for a period of ferment and change.

It is no wonder that the young President had been advised to steer clear of Dallas, for this area contained an unusually high concentration of those groups who were disillusioned with his administration. The Dallas-Fort Worth area, in fact, was almost a petrie dish encouraging the growth of a subculture that would have ominous relationships with later administrations as well: Cuban emigrés and syndicate figures dreaming of getting back into the rich Havana casino business; right-wing businessmen who had financial dealings with elements of organized crime; conservatives in the intelligence community who felt that the President had decreased their prerogatives, and therefore endangered the country; powerful men and institutions touched by the emerging Bobby Baker scandal. Dallas was not the exotic and unique environment some would later picture it as; it was a part of the new America that had come of age since the New Deal, and which saw Kennedy as a threat to its internal security and its conspicuous prosperity.

The leaflets and newspaper advertisements circulating in advance of the Presidential motorcade that day, accusing him of treason, reflected a deep disillusionment with Kennedy's fitness to lead them against communism at home and abroad. Aside from his administration's attempts to enforce the 1954 *Brown vs. Board of Education* decision, which would later seem perfunctory but which seemed dramatic in the early sixties, there were other questions. Hadn't Kennedy agreed to live with Castro and to hold back the Cuban exiles infesting Miami, who were turning it into a new Casablanca of intrigue? Hadn't he gone through a crisis of confidence over the CIA and disbanded their Cuban operations while also threatening a wholesale re-evaluation of the agency's role as a policy-making institution of American life? There was also the question of what was seen, incorrectly, as a lack of enthusiasm for the Cold War. Hadn't Kennedy begun moves toward detente with the Test Ban Treaty? Hadn't he agreed to the subversion of the anti-communist Diem regime in South Vietnam?

Another conflict was directly provoked by the Kennedy Administration when Bobby Kennedy's Justice Department went after leading figures of organized crime and their allies in business, labor (most notably President Jimmy Hoffa of the Teamsters) and the old casino empire of pre-Castro Cuba. By 1963 there were other scandals breaking, and the most spectacular case seemed likely to implicate leading figures from Texas. There was evidence of massive payoffs for awarding the controversial TFX figher plane contract to General Dynamics' Dallas plant. A congressional committee investigating the scandal over Bobby Baker–Lyndon Johnson's right-hand man in the Senate–told of a $100,000 payoff on the TFX contract. Fort Worth Banker Fred Korth, forced to resign from Kennedy's Cabinet over the TFX scandal, was to have testified before the McClellan Committee in late November 1963. Both investigations threatened to go far beyond General Dynamics itself, to involve the Texas political-financial alliance behind Vice President Johnson, and there was talk that Johnson's own position on the ticket (and presumably as a brake against investigation) was in jeopardy. All this was in the political wind on that day in late November when Kennedy began his fateful ride down the streets of Dallas.

[FROM WARREN TO ERVIN]

Today, the gap between appearance and reality in American politics is irresistable. One day Spiro Agnew makes a reputation for himself as a White Knight preaching a holy war against the criminality of dissent and deviation and a return to antique American morality; the next day he is revealed to be a common felon who should surely have been sentenced to prison if there was such a thing as justice. What might have been seen as paranoia a few years ago, turns out to be the core of the Watergate affair.

We have learned (or should have) much about ourselves in the past decade. We slaughtered women and children in Vietnam and then covered it up; there was bombing in Cambodia and then a coverup; there was massive espionage at Watergate and then a coverup. Given the atmosphere in Dallas in 1963, and the admitted inadequacies of the Warren Commission Report, is it not equally possible that the assassination of President Kennedy was followed by a coverup? Watergate has proven that the way to the heart of a plot is through the efforts to conceal its existence. And in the cold light of what we have learned concerning our government in the last few months, it is clear that a reopening of the assassination investigation is now in order, especially in view of the fact that more than one strand of evidence has led from the burglary in the Watergate to murder in Dallas.

The Watergate investigation has stalled for now, possibly because of hesitancy to follow the facts it has uncovered to their logical conclusion. The Ervin Committee failed to take up the gauntlet on the question of national security when it was raised to justify the Ellsberg break-in, missing an opportunity to exorcise this demon that has haunted our national life since the fifties. It allowed Ehrlichman to wage a counter-offensive against its very existence. Since the Committee's feeble attempts to show that Watergate springs from a systemic malaise have failed, emphasis has shifted to Archibald Cox and his attempt to get the Nixon tapes. Even if this is successful, and even if (*mirabile dictu*) the battle should lead to the impeachment of the President, the emphasis will be finding out which *individuals* are guilty.

Ironically, this is similar to the emphasis that dominated the inquiries into the Warren Commission–that the only question worth solving was who pulled the trigger. Ultimately, this is the basic question. But even if it could never be answered, there is ample reason to reopen the investigation and sift through the evidence, new and old, that was considered only worth an apologetic hasty eye previously. If, as now seems likely, the world that produced Watergate will hastily be closed from public view, it is all the more important to reopen the investigation into what happened at Dallas ten years ago. The reason this must be done is not so much out of loyalty to a fallen President who may not have deserved such devotion, but out of loyalty to the truth and concern for the uncovering of totalitarian tendencies existing beneath the surface of American government–before it is too late. ■

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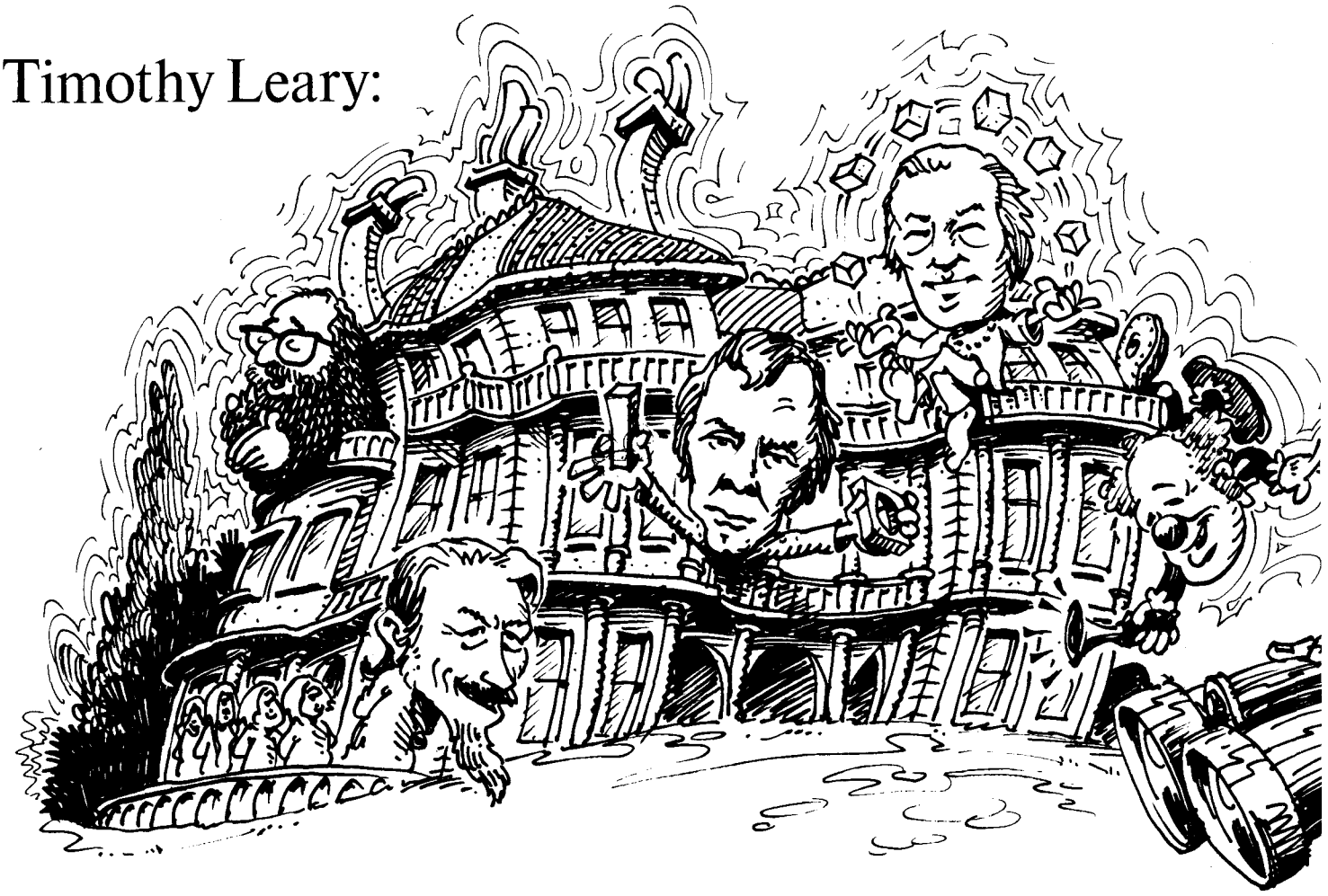
Timothy Leary:



"The Day I Was Busted by G. Gordon Liddy"

The compulsion to spy on others is derived, so it is said, from the sexual curiosity of the prepubescent child who burns to know what grown-ups do behind bedroom doors. Reaching maturity, the sexually confident person expresses erotic energy in love-making. The voyeurism of childhood remains as a delicious form of foreplay. For those who do not mature sexually, whose erotic expressions are inhibited, voyeurism, the surreptitious spying on others, can become a highly sexual obsession. As with most other guilt-ridden "sexual deviates," the voyeur is invariably a political conservative—shocked, moralistic, and censorious about behaviors which he compulsively and secretly seeks to discover. We think of the priest in the confessional or of vice squads or of J. Edgar Hoover, forbidding extramarital expressions to his agents at the pain of discharge, and who, himself unmarried, presumptive virgin, *voyeur extraordinaire,* guarded files containing reports, tapes, and photos of the sexual pecadillos of American politicians.

We define the 1960s as a time of erotic explosion. But the freedom of sexual expression was not shared by all. While part of the population was making love, another part was reading spy novels about enemies doing bad things that must be investigated and stopped. The cold war petered out when it became obvious that the Commie leaders were basically hard-working, no-nonsense law and order folk and that the "bad" things were being done right here in America by grass-smoking, long-haired people who were growing in numbers and influence. This conflict is what sent G. Gorden Liddy in search of me.

Timothy Leary has written hundreds of articles and seven books, most recently Neurologique *(Level Press). He is presently serving a six month to 15 year sentence at Folsom Prison for possession of two marijuana roaches and his 1970 prison escape.*

[LIDDY'S FIRST SPY CAPER]

It was Saturday night—the 64-room mansion at Millbrook, New York, filled with staff members of the Castalia Foundation and weekend guests. Dinner in the oak-paneled dining room, low tables and cushions. The big stereo speakers trembled with Dylan, Beatles, Ali Akbar. Later, around the huge fireplace, David made guitar. Musicians came to Millbrook to learn that sound was energy to play with. Strange new vibrations filled the air. Painters, discovering that light was energy to free from canvas, splashed, rippled, exploded color across the walls of Millbrook, chromatic patterns bubbling, rainbow crystals blossoming, multi-hued cellular blobs undulating. Beautiful women moved with yogic grace and most of the men wore long-ish hair. The year was 1965.

Outside the house, crouched behind dark bushes, binoculars glued to his eyes, G. Gordon Liddy peered through

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the windows at the activities within the mansion. He, the first "square" American to witness a "psychedelic" light show, was whispering instructions into the walkie-talkie pressed tenderly against his cheek. Twenty uniformed, booted, armed sheriffs in cowboy hats staked out around the mansion, a real-life TV posse led by two assistant DA's, Alphonse Rosenblatt and G. Gordon Liddy. It was decided to wait until the revelers within the castle retired to their bedrooms. Liddy was used to waiting. Castalia had been under surveillance for weeks. G. Gordon Liddy and commando staff hidden behind trees spying into living rooms and bedrooms and bathrooms, noting who slept where, and then, back in the courthouse, endless conferences with maps, floor plans, schedules. It was an exciting caper.

At midnight the raiders burst into the mansion, pushing open unlocked doors. Liddy, leading four troopers, bounded upstairs to the third floor and smashed open the door to the master bedroom. She was reclining on pillows in the mirror bed. I was sitting on the edge of the bed talking to my son Jack and his friend. I stood up and looked into the wild eyes of G. Gordon Liddy.

We were ordered, illegally, "Don't move," while nervous deputies searched the room, confiscating her innocent geranium plants and boxes of my papers. I was given permission to call a lawyer, but mysteriously, the phone was "out of order." Rosenblatt and Liddy took me aside to a small, unused bedroom and played out the Mutt-Jeff, good-guy-bad-guy interrogation. Policemen are usually fascinated by me and love to initiate deep conversations. In their hearts they cherish envy and a secret hope that I am right.

As I have done a thousand times, I patiently outlined the scientific, philosophic, historical, political and legal dimensions of what we were doing. Rosenblatt argued gently. Liddy snarled about narcotics, addiction, the murder-weed, moral corruption, and running us out of the county. That's a tape I'd like to have played back.

The "big raid on Millbrook" was, of course, a bungled bust, the search warrant illegal, no evidence found, the case thrown out of court. But Liddy, undaunted, raced around the county talking breathlessly to wide-eyed Rotarians about his crusade against wickedness. He used the first-initial middle-name label in imitation of his hero, J. Edgar Hoover. G. Gordon Liddy.

[HELICOPTERS AND TEPEES]

Well, this cops and robbers drama which was to last so long and involve such a global cast of characters had just begun. The surveillance siege of Castalia continued. Roadblocks. Automatic stop-and-search of every long-haired car. Strange looking men were coming around to repair the phone once a week. I felt secure. We allowed no drugs in the house. There must be a hundred stashes still buried in the woods for future archeologists to uncover. Minor possession beefs were nothing to worry about. No one went to jail for a handful of grass.

It was comforting to know that the townspeople of Millbrook were with us. By this time the locals knew us well. We were the best customers of every store in town. The 30 people at Castalia spent one hundred thousand dollars a year in a tiny town with a two-block shopping district. Our people were young, good-looking, happy, open. The conservative village naturally adopted and protected us against the ambitious, tricky politicians from Poughkeepsie. Millbrook was populated by tradesmen and workers whose families had settled there to service the castle where we lived. Dietrich, the utilities baron who created the estate, had made his money in carbide lighting. He was the first to popularize the new form of illumination. Legend whispered that every street light in the state of New York was testimony to his genius. He imported hundreds of Italian stonemasons to build gates, towers, bridges, miles of stone walls, a Bavarian bowling alley, waterfalls, gothic garden cottages. For 30 years after his death the

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY HALLGREN

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grand estate had crumbled in disuse. Wild vegetation covered the lawns and gardens. The nobility drained away. Rich Americans lacked the energy to maintain estates with acres of lawns and gardens.

Then we swept in with young Mellon wealth and Harvard charisma. The lawns were lush and green again. The great castle gleamed with light. Young people rich with confidence and vision drove through the huge portcullis gates, a new aristocracy. The village of Millbrook stirred again with grandeur, however funky and controversial. World attention focused on the castle grounds. Once again villagers watched and listened and gossiped about the goings-on at the Big House. And once again the Grand Old Party politicians from Poughkeepsie stirred with know-nothing, Cromwellian puritan anger at anything "foreign," glamorous, frivolous, elegant. One of the many curious aspects of American culture is the absence of an "upper" class, a "high" society, a hedonistic aristocracy. America since its inception has been a heavy, feet-on-the-ground John Wayne society. The triumph of mediocracy and practicality. America had just reached that stage of growth when military, political, and economic security makes possible the emergence of an erotic Psi-Phy philosophic elite.

At the Millbrook summer pageants a hundred consciously garbed initiates wandered through the grounds, under wide porticos. Ambassadors came from the cultural duchies, from Herman-on-Hudson, from RAND, from Palo Alto, from Hyannisport, from Bethesda, from Beverly Hills. From "high" society came Ronnie Laing, Allen Ginsberg, Alan Watts, Ken Kesey, swamis, gurus, stars of every magnitude, while great musicians strolled across terraces filling the warm air with sound, light machines poured color patterns on the outside walls, fountains played and, in the bushes, his Fordham morals outraged, his Soviet mind seething with civil service ambitions, G. Gordon Liddy watched.

The roadblocks and surveillance continued, so we closed the castle and set up camps in the forests. The teepee is the most sensual living arrangement ever designed by mankind; soft, fur-lined nosecone of pleasure pointed at the stars. Twice a week we would hear the ominous flap-flap-flap of the whirling paddles and watch the sheriff's helicopter circling above and men with cameras and binoculars pointed at Arcadian bliss. Liddy used to tell lurid stories of seeing *naked women* (!) emerging from teepees. This is what police work is all about! We treasured those moments of surveillance, feeling a strong bond of affiliation with all wild, free creatures on this planet gazing up in surprise at armed agents, Sci-Fi spies in government motor ships.

[WOODSTOCK AND WATERGATE]

The night of his election Nixon was interviewed in the locker room and, in flush of super-bowl victory, revealed the philosophy which was to guide his Administration: Keep fighting. The influence of Vince Lombardi (win at any cost) on the American right-wing cannot be overestimated. It is no accident that Lombardi died in Washington.

Nixon was later to blame Watergate on the counter-culture, claiming that his special police force was necessary to deal with anarchy and disorder in the late '60s.

Very few Americans, even in these post-Watergate days, understand how Nixon set up his very own Special Service elite police, whose mission was to harass, intimidate, arrest and imprison dissenters. Under the guise of "drug control" this Orwellian coup was accomplished with the approval of middle-aged liberals. It was so simple. The narc budget jumped from 22 million to 140 million. Narcs are "mood-police," "thought-police" pursuing the victimless crime of cultural dissent. Constitutional rights were suspended and martial law (no-knock, stop-and-frisk, curfew, etc.) was imposed selectively on one easily identifiable segment of the population.

Fear descended upon this land. The spokesmen for the counter-culture were arrested, harassed, silenced. The press cooperated completely. Slanting reporters, columnists, and editorial writers endorsed the dope-pogrom and piously denounced the counter-culture. Most everyone born before 1930 hated the '60s, felt alienated, left behind.

We were told to blame ourselves for being too innocent, optimistic, for failing to recognize the reality of evil. The Manson-Nixon paradox. *Lampoon* editors get rich entertaining New Yorker audiences with the bizarre notion that Woodstock was a lemming-assemblage of death-cultists.

Everyone with a media hook, a money itch, an ambition habit can make it by playing on the mediocracy's fear of the free unknown. G. Gordon Liddy, on the basis of his Millbrook dramatics, rides it to the White House as super-narc. Any ex-Marine with a sadism kink too conspiratorial for the FBI or state police volunteers for the new gestapo. American narcs make expense-paid tours around the world teaching foreign police how to detect the new enemy. And at home neo-Stoicism becomes the philosophic cop-out. Cynical retreat from hopeful Utopianism. Swami turn-off passivity. Think little. "Lay low" replaces "stay high."

I'm walking on the prison yard with Wayne, who asks me about the lesson of Watergate. I tell him that we are going to replace representative government by proxy and substitute electronic voting. Every citizen registers his or her signal. Wayne's a realist. He shakes his head. Of course, it's the only solution, but it's too far out. It will scare people. I tell him that it's not so new. The stock market works exactly on that principle. Continual votes of confidence, ongoing registry of opinion. Tell people they all own an equal share in the government. Wayne shakes his head. Keep thinking. (People would be surprised at the level of prison conversations. All I ever hear are discussions about the great political and philosophic questions.)

Platitude tells us that Nixon will never recover from Watergate. Neither will the country. Competitive politics is dying. Vince Lombardi is a crewcut dinosaur. The secret is out. Tap our wire any time you want, Liddy. We're broadcasting for you, too. We've got continuous power output, direct coupling, audible spectrum, low noise transmission, high circuit reliability, superb capture rate, excellent selectivity. If we had known you were hiding in the paleolithic bushes we would have invited you to tune in. It's the new Hi-Fi, Psi-Phy, polychromatic, multi-channel planetary network and we're all linked up love. ■

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Executive Action: Hollywood Rediscovers Politics

by M. Robach

Some of the fans had early fled along the freeways or come by city bus, stretching their Social Security pennies for an event almost as old as Hollywood itself. John Wayne would be there. George Murphy. Pat O'Brien. And Jimmy Stewart. Cesar Romero. And Loretta Young. A gallery of squint-eyed, leather-tooled Western faces; bow-legged wranglers, gaunt Okies, Indians of the Talking Screen; generals and admirals, Marines, flyboys, ancient GI Joes; veiled forgotten heroines, gawkers and showbiz fringe folk. A solemn mass would swell the Church of the Blessed Sacrament on Sunset, and its buttresses would groan, battered by the organ, the choir and the Latin drone of the dead. John Ford had died, the Hollywood director, and the crush of people at his funeral Mass had gathered not to celebrate the man but the icons of celluloid he had left behind, an image of America that existed only in the projector's eye. On the screen.

It was to be expected that there were few young faces in the crowd; John Ford went back to the days of filmdom's infancy, to D. W. Griffith and scratchy, voiceless sagebrush reelers. His cinematic classics which followed were economical, technically standardized dream vehicles—clean, efficient, inexpensive 90-minute flivvers to carry a mass audience in safety and comfort to the fantasy and back. Except for a few films, such as the *Grapes of Wrath* and *The Informer,* Ford stayed away from social themes and unabashedly admitted preferring the legend to the fact. He manufactured heroes because it was "good for the country to have heroes." It was not good for the country to look at its more sobering reality.

As Hollywood's grand old man, Ford enjoyed the esteem and respect of America's power elite, a venerable national treasure, cherished and decorated by the White House and the Pentagon for his postwar services on the cultural front; his films were rarely in danger of colliding with the 1947 "Screen Guide" rules, which reactionary emigree Ayn Rand composed for the Motion Picture Alliance for the Preservation of American Ideals—among which were never to "smear" the Free Enterprise System, Industrialists, or Success. And it was for this that Richard Nixon, as custodian and ward of all three, came to honor John Ford at a Hollywood gala early this summer.

Yet by then Hollywood was no longer the film capital of old: Jane Fonda had been to North Vietnam; Marlon Brando had spurned the Academy Award in solidarity with the American Indian movement; the former wife of Donald Sutherland had been indicted for her involvement with the Black Panthers; and the memories of Hollywood's dark days of blacklists, loyalty oaths and congressional snoopers had faded. Richard Nixon, representing a moribund dynasty, had come to pay homage to a house inhabited by ghosts.

For Hollywood today is putting its feet back on a path which it previously walked at hazard. Social document films flourished briefly after World War II, before falling to the blade of Washington's Communist scare plow. One of the last of this type to be made was Herbert Biberman's 1954 *Salt of the Earth,* a film about the struggle of miners in New Mexico depicting the victory of the trade union, Chicano unity with the national workers' movement, and the emancipation of women. Howard Hughes, then the head of RKO, took a personal interest in seeing to it that the picture was not made in Hollywood. And when Biberman, one of the blacklisted Hollywood Ten, completed his film as an independent production in Mexico, the A.F. of L. Film Council succeeded in preventing its distribution across the country.

The ground for social realism lost since then has been difficult to regain, despite the loosening grip of the old movie bosses and the diminished power of the ancient studios. In this period Hollywood films drifted rudderless between youth, sex and fad exploitation movies; then came *Easy Rider,* proving that an independent Hollywood production could set the box office jingling on a shoestring and a socially controversial theme. So did such acclaimed semi-documentary foreign films as *Battle of Algiers* and *Z.* Out of these cross-currents of cultural trends, Hollywood has begun to chart its own course back toward films of socially and politically relevant content; and from the thicket of themes offered by America's recent history alone, a group of Hollywood film makers has plucked one of the thorniest vines of all. *Executive Action,* starring Burt Lancaster and the late Robert Ryan, deals with the shooting on Dealey Plaza in Dallas; it is a film about a right-wing conspiracy to assassinate John Kennedy, echoing with haunting names and familiar speculation.

The idea to fill the holes of the Warren Commission Report with a celluloid enactment of the national suspicion could not have been possible without the preceding decade of change in America's political climate. The social and political malaise attending the fevers of Vietnam put the symptoms on a graph that could be plotted legibly; but it was the political misfortunes of Richard Nixon that put the shot in Hollywood's arm. Although plans for *Executive Action* had been laid well before Nixon's troubles began, *Executive Action* did not initially come straight off the ground. Ancestral fears of Hollywood's post-World War II inquisition still ran deep. Ed Lewis, executive producer of *Executive Action,* was told by one studio boss that making the film would hurt the country. But Watergate, says Gary Horowitz, the film's producer, made all the difference; suddenly the box office beckoned. National General has taken the film and is distributing it world-wide—in the year that coincidentally marks the tenth anniversary of JFK's assassination.

The Nixon of Watergate was no longer the Nixon who had earned his first spurs in Hollywood. And it is of specific irony that the trend, albeit hesitant, of such recent social documentary Hollywood films as George C. Scott's *Rage* and the upcoming *Execu-*

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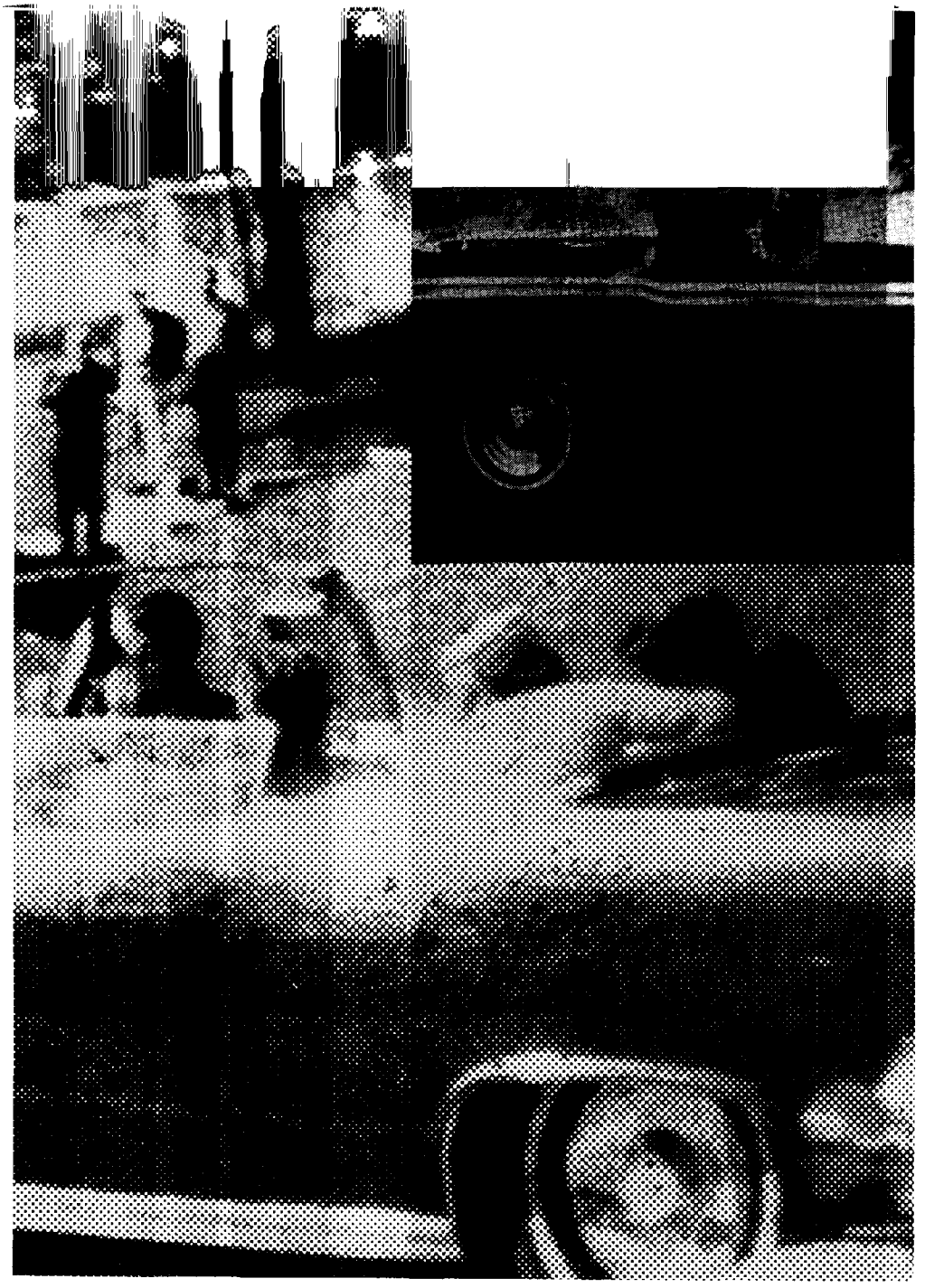
tive Action, occurs under the presidency of a man who rose to prominence as the scourge of precisely this *genre* of films. Hollywood was one of Nixon's early obsessions; his wife at one time aspired to becoming a movie actress, and it was to Hollywood that Nixon turned only a year after his arrival in Congress—as freshman Torquemada on the movie hearings of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Hollywood writers, actors and actresses were among the first to get to know Richard Nixon; his opponent in his first race for the Senate was actress Helen Gahagan Douglas, and as late as 1958, while Vice President, he refused a request by the makers of *Spartacus* to help lift the Hollywood blacklist, which his work on HUAC had helped bring into being. Indeed, Nixon chastised Hollywood not for making pro-Communist pictures, but for not making enough anti-Communist pictures.

A number of survivors from Nixon's early bouts in the Hollywood arena were brought together for the making of *Executive Action:* Dalton Trumbo, one of the leading Hollywood Ten, went through all the volumes of the Warren Commission Report and wrote the screenplay; other chimes from this era are rung by names like actor's Will Gear, and associate producer's Dan Bessie, the son of Alvah Bessie, another of the Hollywood Ten; while Producer Ed Lewis and Director David Miller are Hollywood veterans who together made *Lonely Are the Brave* with Kirk Douglas, the remarkable '50s film of an alienated Texas cowboy, written by Dalton Trumbo. Fifteen years ago, Lewis helped Trumbo's return from banishment to Hollywood's hinterlands with his production of the Award-winning *Spartacus* for which Trumbo wrote the screenplay.

If Watergate enabled Hollywood to make a movie dealing with one of America's most traumatic events, the movie's subject points to the persistence of the post-Dallas obsession: perhaps more persistent now, in the public falling out of conspirator and cover-up, than at any time before. The shots in Dallas still echo with a multitude of unclarified questions: the suppressed FBI reports; the missing



Zapruder film: moment of JFK's assassination *Upper right: scene from* Executive Action

frames of the Zapruder film; the scores of witnesses who were never called before the Warren Commission or whose testimony was either suppressed, edited or disregarded; the disappearance of the original autopsy reports; the conflicting evidences from ballistics and photographs; and the seal on vital documents and exhibits classified, until well beyond this century, at the National Archives.

The first attempt at a scenario for *Executive Action* was made by *Rush to Judgement* author Mark Lane and Los Angeles writer-lecturer Donald Freed; they marshalled the facts and the suspicions into a political conspiracy thriller. Trumbo's final screenplay also rejects the "one lone nut" theory of the Warren Commission Report, pointing to the possibility of a conspiracy, in which Lee Harvey Oswald could have been a low-level CIA operative and agent of rightwing-financial interests opposed to JFK and his apparent shift to Cold War detente (the abandonment of Vietnam and Cuba, a Nuclear Test Ban Treaty with Russia, recognition of Red China, and civil rights for blacks at home). Using a group of "fictional" conspirators against a factual-documentary back-

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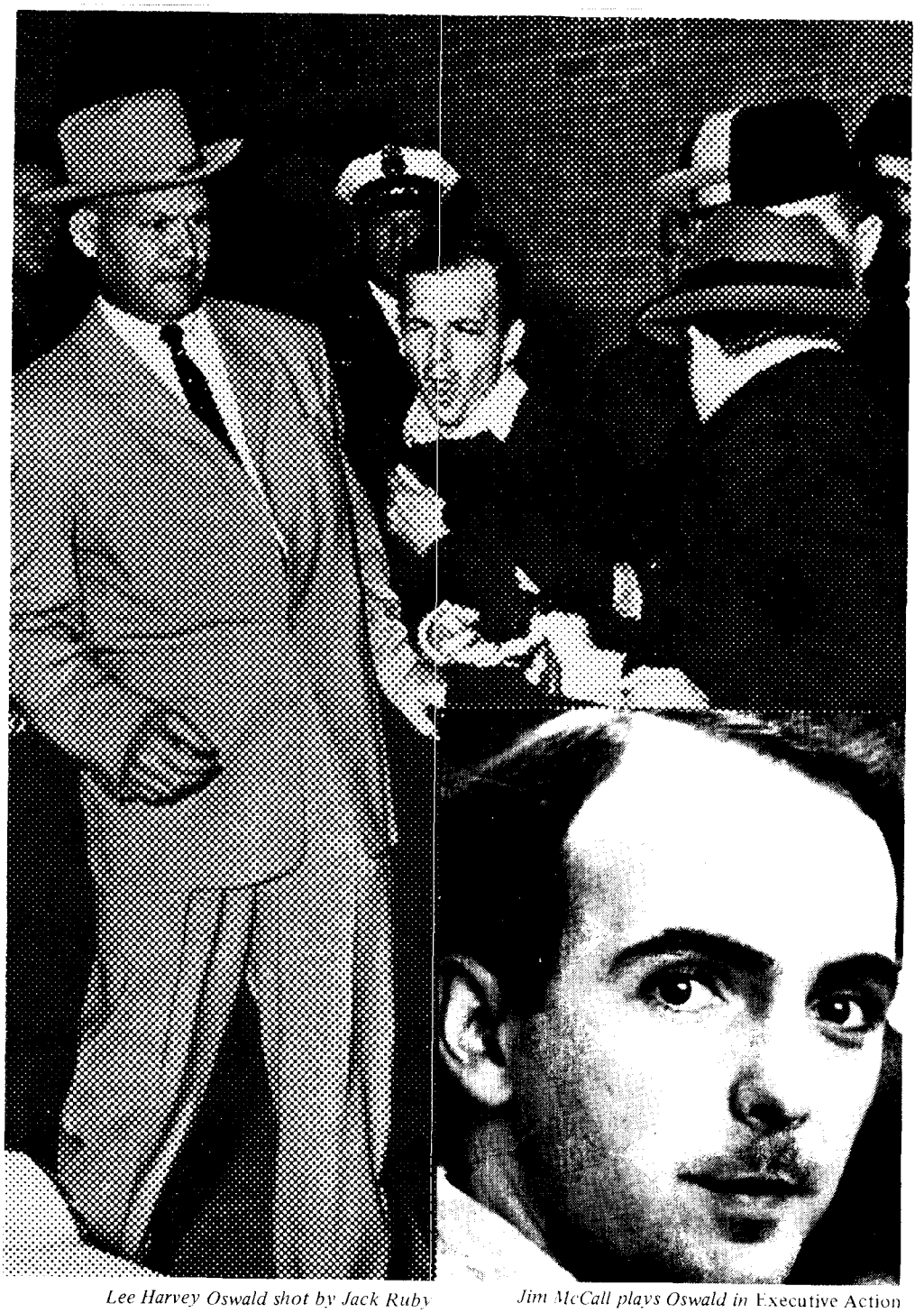

Lee Harvey Oswald shot by Jack Ruby *Jim McCall plays Oswald in* Executive Action

ground, the makers of *Executive Action* do not espouse any particular conspiracy theory. "We have no proof that these people in the film did it," says director Miller. "The only thing we are trying to prove is that one man could not have accomplished this feat."

Miller, like a lot of people associated with the production, had always disbelieved the Warren Report. But Burt Lancaster was a different story; only after plowing through all of the Commission's volumes did he become convinced enough to forgo his usual salary and work for union scale. And with all the location shooting done in Los Angeles during six weeks, the film was brought in on a slender (for Hollywood) $500,000—a feat that augurs well, says young producer Horowitz, for the further production of Hollywood movies "with balls to them."

Executive Action is appearing at a time when bridges are being cautiously thrust forward on the overlap of Watergate and Dallas: McCord was reportedly in Dallas on the day of the assassination; and the FBI is said to have 65 pages detailing the connection between Frank Sturgis, one of the Cubans caught in the break-in, and Lee Harvey Oswald. At the very least, the recent Washington turmoil has lifted the idea of a massive government cover-up of JFK's murder from the region of the unthinkable. Even Lyndon Johnson, in an interview with Walter Cronkite three years ago, expressed his doubts about the Warren Commission's findings and admitted that a conspiracy might have been involved—a remark that was deleted from the taped television show. And as *Executive Action* plays in movie houses across the country, the tenth anniversary of the assassination is being marked by more explicit and scholarly inquiries into the event. Some time in November the Committee to Investigate Assassination—founded four years ago by Bernard Fensterwald, the lawyer for James Earl Ray and James McCord—is convening at Georgetown University in Washington, D.C.; the meeting will feature a number of symposia, including one centering on conspiracy themes.

The shadow of the assassin could be imagined, as it was during Nixon's recent New Orleans trip; it could be real, as it was for Allende in Chile; or it could be merely curious, as the report of the involvement of FDR's son in a plot to kill the Prime Minister of the Bahamas. But whatever its manifestation, it is currently global fare; the mass media have spread an international, cross-continental paranoia over skyjacks, kidnaps, letterbombs and assassination which has assured a world-wide appetite for semi-documentary political thrillers. "Fascination with Assassination," read the headline of a frontpage *Variety* story two months ago, which mentioned *Executive Action,* along with such films as Costa-Gavras' *State of Siege,* the filmed account of the kidnapping of an American agent in Uruguay; *Day of the Jackal,* a cinematic treatment of a plot to kill DeGaulle; and two French films already completed or close to it—Claude Chabrol's *Nada,* about the kidnapping of the American ambassador in a brothel, and Marc Simeon's *The Astonished Assassin,* about the taking of hostages in a small village. *Variety* also reported that a novel, dealing with the same theme, is close to a film deal; it's called *They're Trying to Kill the President's Daughter.* ■

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Czechoslovakia at the Breaking Point

The Human Face of Socialism: The Political Economy of Change in Czechoslovakia, by George Shaw Wheeler, Lawrence Hill and Company, $7.50.

Five years have passed since autumn and Soviet troops arrived simultaneously in Prague: a coincidence that, in the words of Dr. Gustav Husak, the Czechoslovak Communist leader, "brought a bitter awakening from . . . euphoria."

The vaunted therapy of time does not subsume the enduring effects of the Czechoslovak experience, and one manifestation of this is a continuing flow of books. Many are marked by the passion that attended the transition from spring to autumn, or by the bitterness of the awakening. Among the more dispassionate and more valuable recent additions to this literature is a modest volume by George Shaw Wheeler, an American economist and cold war exile who settled in Czechoslovakia in 1947 and remained there until 1971.

Wheeler was appointed to the Economic Institute of Czechoslovak Academy of Sciences in 1954, and in 1962 he was elected a corresponding member of the Academy, one of the only three economists so honored. Unlike most exiles and journalists, Wheeler was not simply an observer, living on the periphery of the resident society; he was intimately involved in it. He can call upon the small, significant experience to illuminate big social phenomena, like censorship.

Once he wrote a brief article for *Zemedelské noviny* (Agricultural News), which referred to a U.S. Department of Agriculture warning that the sex hormone, silbestrol, could be dangerous to pregnant women and children. He suggested, therefore, that tests be made before this hormone was used on chickens that are sold for human consumption. The censor killed the article. Why? "Because silbestrol is already being used here."

In killing another article about a congress of agricultural cooperatives, which contained some critical observations, the censor explained, "If he [Wheeler] had started out with a different standpoint he would have arrived at different conclusions."

The anecdotes bring the force of reality to his contention that censorship was not exercised to protect socialism, but to shield bureaucracy not only from criticism, but even from sticky problems. The book, however, is not anecdotal; its true flavor is conveyed by the subtitle, "The Political Economy of Change in Czechoslovakia," and it offers an uncommonly lucid, concise primer in socialist economics generally, as well as insight into what happened in Czechoslovakia.

To begin with, Wheeler provides a philosophical framework for his study with a citation from Frederick Engels: "For it [dialectical philosophy] nothing is final, absolute or sacred. It reveals the transitory character of everything and in everything; nothing can endure before it except the uninterrupted process of becoming and passing away, of the endless ascendancy from the lower to the higher."

As is illustrated most recently in an intense international debate among Marxist philosophers, perhaps the most challenging problem for Marxism is the application of its own principles to itself, and especially those principles encompassed in that statement by Engels. Wheeler's book, however, is primarily concerned not with philosophy but with economics. Assuming that change is the irresistible force of economic development, what happens when it encounters seemingly immovable obstacles in institutions that once were the instruments of change, but having outlived the rationales for their creation, become bureaucratic fetters?

Before proceeding with Wheeler's treatment of this dilemma in the specific Czechoslovak context, a general observation is pertinent: not a few changes in the existing socialist countries have tended to be wrenching, explosive, abrupt, and even violent. One may recall the Hungarian explosion of 1956, the Polish upheaval that same year and the bloodier events 14 years later, the Chinese Cultural Revolution, Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin and Khrushchev's own deposition, and, of course, Czechoslovakia.

In official post mortems there is a heavy emphasis on personal dereliction or villainy to explain what went awry. In Poland, for example, after demonstrating workers were shot down by armed forces in 1970, it was suddenly discovered that Wladislaw Gomulka and his associates had "lost touch" with the workers. In Czechoslovakia, the ponderous document on the 1968 events, issued by the Communist Central Committee in December 1970, declared that pre-1968 "the political course was determined primarily by the standpoints of A. Novotny," who had faults that "stemmed from some of his personal qualities, from his violation of collective leadership, his conceit, subjectivism, megalomania and suspicion of people . . ."

Any decent respect for Marxism poses the obvious questions. How was it possible for the leadership of a workers' state and a workers' party to get so completely out of touch with the workers? How was it possible for a man with Novotny's obnoxious traits, which were no secret by the early 1960's, not only to acquire power, but to concentrate so much of it in his own hands and to hold on to it for such an inordinately long time?

Patently the focus on personalities, if at all useful, is useful mostly in evading the more profound challenge of analyzing the social structure, the institutions and methods of power. This is the challenge that Wheeler tries to meet.

In Wheeler's grand design, the pivotal institutions of Czechoslovak socialism—centralized economic management and "the dictatorship of the proletariat"—generated enormous economic and social progress, but after a time, in their actual structure and function, they became obstacles to the realization of the socialist potential.

He offers ample data on the "fundamental advance in the life of the working people" after the "consolidation of working class state power"

by Al Richmond

Al Richmond, long-time leader of the Communist Party USA, and editor of the party newspaper, broke with the party over the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia. He recently published his memoirs, Long View From the Left *(Houghton Mifflin).*

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through the bloodless completion of the socialist revolution in February 1948. He cites an abundance of statistics to measure truly dramatic gains in industrial production, gross national output, labor productivity, and personal consumption. Improvements in the standard of living were further enhanced by vastly increased public expenditures for health, education, and culture; by economic security (no unemployment), frozen low rents, and social legislation.

Simultaneously, workers acquired a sense of their own power, which is well illustrated in two incidents, even though Wheeler relates them in another context to show resistance to technological innovation. In one instance, workers severely limited operation of a new packaging machine; in the other, because the union hadn't been consulted, they just refused to man a new automatic lathe and finally compelled its removal. One can certainly dispute the social motivation and wisdom of these workers, but one can hardly dispute the reality of the power they exercised.

That sense of power, coupled with the tangible economic and social gains and the stated aims of the society, accounts for the visceral attachment of Czechoslovak workers to socialism. To those I talked with in Prague factories in the autumn of 1968, a suggestion that they consider a resolution of their grievances and problems outside of a socialist framework would have seemed like a preposterous anachronism. This common attitude was a primary source of their deep resentment against the rationale that military intervention was necessary because they were about to succumb to counter-revolution and capitalist restoration.

One cannot truly comprehend the disappointments and frustrations that exploded with such force in 1968 without first understanding working class enthusiasm in the seizure of power in 1948, the great expectations aroused, and the confirmation of these expectations in the inital surge of the new society.

In the economic sphere, not until 1962-63 did the contradictions between the centralized structure and the expanded economy it helped create reach a crisis point. The Third Five-Year Plan, which was to run from 1961 through 1965, had to be abandoned in 1962. Instead of going up, as called for, such vital indices as labor productivity and national income went down. A key to the crisis, in Wheeler's analysis (and it's not original with him), may be sketched as follows: Czechoslovakia had relied heavily on *extensive* economic growth. If you wanted more steel, for example, you built additional productive facilities and employed additional workers to operate them. But this sort of growth reaches a point of diminishing returns. For one thing, the labor supply is not inexhaustible. Then you have to shift your reliance on *intensive* growth; that is, the more efficient use of plant and labor, which means innovation, technological and organizational. Pressures of necessity aside, that's the more rational path to economic advance, especially in this age of technological revolution.

But, and here Wheeler's evidence and arguments are most persuasive, a highly centralized administration which tries to direct a fairly large and diversified economy is least capable of generating intensive growth. Indeed, it is most prone to inhibit growth. Bureaucratic edict can decree that where there was one steel plant, there shall be two, but it cannot decree the imagination, initiative, innovation and motivation to bring about a qualitative increase in output without the addition of plant and work force.

Actually, Czechoslovakia's economic directorate produced an alarming deterioration in the output-input ratio. Each unit of gross national output represented more and more capital investment and a constantly greater input of raw materials. The larger, more diversified and sophisticated the economy became, the less susceptible it was to rational management by a highly centralized authority. Here another ratio came into play: the less efficient the centralized management, the more it indulged its bureaucratic proclivities. (One horrid example: in each working day of 1962 the Ministry of Agriculture alone processed and issued 1,000 directives, circulars, instructions and memoranda. Assuming 250 working days, this meant a quarter of a million emissions that not only were produced, but presumably had to be read, considered, filed or discarded by their recipients.)

Space does not permit the elaboration of other factors examined by Wheeler, such as the priority of quantitative norms over qualitative criteria, and theoretical dogmas that, through a process of mystification, endowed the subjective decisions of the central management with the inexorable powers of objective economic laws.

Nor is it possible to convey his very knowledgeable and thoughtful discussion of alternatives to the highly centralized economic model. This encompasses such problems as price-setting, incentives, competition, decentralization, cost accounting, and the appropriate balance between central planning and the use of the socialist market in the determination of value and the promotion of quality.

In his generally admirable examination of economic problems there is a trace of elitism (or, at least, a construction that invites such an inference), and a juxtaposition of economic efficiency and social value that seems questionable.

On the first point, he cites it as an unmitigated vice that in 1966, of 580 general managers in Czechoslovakia heavy industry, only 49 percent had a college education, and of 921 chemical plant managers only 23 percent were college alumni. Just how much vice or virtue those figures represent can only be determined by more detailed study. Manifestly it would be a great virtue of a socialist society if so many workers at the bench acquired the technological know-how, the administrative skills and the leadership experience to become effective managers. The real question is to what degree those figures represent this sort of process, and to what degree they reflect bureaucratic cronyism or considerations of "political reliability" that does not qualify them for the posts they hold.

In this connection Wheeler quotes a relevant observation of Lenin's: "The idea of building communist society exclusively with Communists is childish, absolutely childish . . . The key feature is that we have not got the right people in the right place; that responsible Communists who acquitted themselves magnificently during the revolution have been given commercial and

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industry functions about which they know nothing."

Wheeler asserts in general that the figures indicate what Lenin was talking about, the placement of square political pegs in round political holes, and this might well be so, but he would have done better to adduce more solid evidence than the *a priori* assumption that a college education, per se, is a better qualification than work experience for plant management.

What struck me as a dubious balance between economic and social value cropped up in a comment that questions the wisdom of recruiting mothers with young children into the active labor force. Even when the child is in a nursery, Wheeler says, if it becomes ill, the mother must stay home with it, adding to her tensions and disrupting the work schedule. But why the mother? Why can't the father attend the sick child? As a practical matter, of course, it is the mother who will stay home, but this, like his valid reference to the great strain imposed upon a woman by a nursery-school-working-mother regime, only proves that Czechoslovak society, like other socieities, socialist and capitalist, has not created all the conditions for the full participation of women in social and economic life. Withdrawal of working mothers from industry is not the solution.

Reverting to the central theme of thy book, the Czechoslovak socialist economy possessed sufficient resilience and strength, so that despite the "bugs" that surfaced and the underlying contradictions they signified, key indices resumed their upward climb after the crisis of 1962-63. But things could not be the same any more. Complacent satisfaction with quantitative growth was less credible. More fundamental issues, related to efficiency and quality, were raised. Was the economy realizing the potential of modern technology and collective ownership? How well was the socialist economy competing with capitalist economies in product quality and technological progress? Moreover, latent discontent with top-heavy bureaucracy rose sharply in 1962-63, and this was one index that did not go down automatically as other indices rose. Such issues helped motivate the great upheaval of 1968.

By then, of course, defects in rigidly centralized management had been recognized in other socialist countries, and there was a consensus on the need for decentralization. In a socialist society, however, economic policy is subject to political decision; since the economy is state-owned, and the state by definition is political, the economic and political structures are inseparably intertwined. It seemed eminently reasonable to Czechoslovaks in 1968 that significant reform in economic management would require corollary modifications in political structure.

Despite its interconnection with economics, politics also had its autonomous existence. The residue of Stalinist repression (70,000 victims, 178 executions for alleged political crimes) cast a pall over the country. This was deepened by the excruciating slowness of the Novotny regime in releasing victims and making such amends as were possible. As one example, Dr. Husak was imprisoned in 1951 on charges of "Slovak nationalism" and was not released until 1960, four long years after the Stalin disclosures; it took several more years for his political "rehabilitation." Popular bitterness at the perpetrators of those crimes and their efforts to cover up their own complicity also spilled over in 1968.

In Soviet terminology the Stalinist persecutions were "violations of socialist legality," and the problem is solved by stricter observance of legality. But this avoids the issue of institutional context in which such gross violations could occur and proliferate. The primary ingredients of this context are two institutional conceptions: "the dictatorship of the proletariat" and "the leading role of the Communist Party." Actual operation of both conceptions in Czechoslovakia is subjected to critical examination by Wheeler, as it was by what the French Communist philosopher, Louis Althusser, has called "the national mass movement of the Czech people" for "a socialism whose *face* . . . would not be disfigured by practices unworthy both of themselves (the Czech people: a people of high political culture) and of socialism."

Wheeler cites the Czechoslovak Constitution of 1960 that proclaims: "Socialism has triumphed in our country! . . . There are no longer any exploiting classes, exploitation of man by man has been eliminated forever. In our country all the main problems of the transition from capitalist to socialist society have already been solved."

If this description is accurate, if the bases of capitalist power have been demolished, Wheeler asks, what internal need is served by the repressive methods and apparatus of dictatorship? Who is to be suppressed, who shielded? The experience with censorship is symptomatic. In classical Marxist terms, so profound a transformation at the economic base as the completed transition from capitalism to socialism ought to be complemented by corresponding changes in the political superstructure. But what kind of changes? This was the question posed by the Czechoslovak popular movement of 1968. It was given precious little time to elaborate answers, and no time at all to compile a body of empirical evidence based on practice. Yet the general nature of the answers was indicated: a profound democratization to correspond to socialist aims and the socialist reality created by the labor of the Czechoslovak people.

From the vantage point of their socialist neighbors the stickiest point of all raised by the Czechoslovaks concerned the "leading role of the Communist Party." Being Communists themselves, the Czechoslovak leaders were committed to the exercise of leadership by their party. The question was how the leading role was to be implemented. Through an administrative apparatus that duplicated and superceded the legal institutions of political power and economic management? Or through example, persuasion, moral authority and guidance?

In the economy, Wheeler argues, the dual structure set up a damaging dichotomy between responsibility and power. A plant manager had the responsibility, but the Communist cell secretary wielded the effective power. Such circumstances were hardly designed to stimulate initiative by plant management, which already was constrained by the higher, central authority. An extreme case in point was a 1962 declaration by Novotny: "The Agricultural Commission of the Party Central Committee shall become the

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center for the *daily* management of agriculture." Leaving aside the bureaucratic delusion that a commission in Prague could manage agriculture on a day-to-day basis, another question arises: what did this do to the Ministry of Agriculture which even then was exerting incredible bureaucratic zeal and energy to issue 1,000 directives per day?

The party's Agricultural Commission and the government's Ministry of Agriculture perform economic functions, but they are political bodies, and Novotny's edict typifies the pervasive duplication between the party's administrative apparatus and the legally-constituted agencies of government, and the casual way in which the former superceded the latter.

Were such practices effective methods of leadership, or were they an effective negation of leadership in that they stifled the initiative and destroyed the autonomy of vital institutions that, in the case of elected representative assemblies, were supposed to embody the popular will?

Here, too, there was too little time to elaborate answers, or to test them in practice—only time enough in 1968 to indicate some general directions toward a methodology by which the party would lead and not supercede.

Ultimately Wheeler reverts to his initial philosophical premise, one that was propounded by Heraclitus 2,500 years ago: "All is flux, nothing stays still." This does not mean social motion is easy. Every status quo cultivates its own vested interests. Inseparable from any concept of change is a constant conflict between old and new, and what was new yesterday becomes old on the morrow. Unless one views socialism, or any particular institution of it, at some historical standstill, then those truths apply to socialist society.

The great historic merit of the Czechoslovak movement of 1968 is that it indelibly posed those truths as a challenge for all socialist countries, for all partisans of socialism; that it dared to propose qualitative changes that contained the hope of hastening full realization of Engels' prophecy that "the seizure of the means of production by society" will mark "humanity's leap from the realm of necessity into the realm of freedom." ■

The Almanac

1973 was a quietly significant year for labor movements, both in this country and in Europe. Chrysler was hit by wildcat strikes, which caught both the UAW and the auto companies off guard. *Der Spiegel,* the German version of *Time,* recently had a cover story on wildcatting in the auto industry over there. The drawn-out, tenacious labor struggles of black and white pulpwood cutters in Mississippi, Alabama, and Florida, and the Chicano workers in the Farah pants factory in El Paso, Texas, are helping to transform both racial and labor relations in the deep South. Just when we thought the union movement was hopelessly captive to the blue Meanys, it seems to be reviving—from the bottom.

In Europe, the notion of workers' control has begun to have an exciting effect on labor actions. Elsewhere in this issue, Andy Kopkind reports on the extraordinary takeover of a watch factory in Besancon, France, by its employees. French papers recently reported that three large firms in bad financial straits have been pressuring the government for aid, warning that dismissals of workers could lead to new takeovers. In Liege, Belgium, workers took over a bankrupt electrical appliance company, threatening to blow up a whole district of their town if they did not get assurances from the government that their jobs would be protected.

Last April, The Almanac devoted a page to resource material about labor movements old and new—back issues are available from *Ramparts* for $1.50. The Economic Alternatives Program of the American Friends Service Committee has put together an information packet on workers self-management. The packet costs a dollar and includes articles on the history and future of self-management in Europe and North America. (Write: Workers Self-Management Group, American Friends Service Committee, 48 Inman St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139.)

News of political work, including publications, films, slide shows, etc., should be addressed to The Almanac, RAMPARTS magazine, 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, California, 94704.

If you're in the Boston area in January, be sure to attend the first national conference of worker's self-management. The conference, to be held on the weekend of January 12-13, is sponsored by a group called People for Self-Management. "People . . ." was founded by students of Professor Jaroslav Vanek of Cornell, and members of the Boston Area Inter-University Seminar on Self-Management. For details write Conference Director Mary Van Sell, 196 Erie Street, Apt. 2, Cambridge, Mass. 02139. For other information on People for Self-Management, contact Professor David Garson, Dept. of Political Science, Tufts University, Medford, Mass. 92155 (Tel. [617] 528-5000, ext. 350). Professor Vaneck also puts out a People for Self-Management Newsletter, which you can get by writing him at the Department of Economics, Uris Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. 14850.

[ASSASSINALIA]

Ten years have elapsed since JFK's assassination in Dallas gave us our first glimpse of the violence that has since marked American politics. The article in this issue, plus the movie review by Maxwell Robach demonstrate that major questions about the Dallas assassination are still unanswered. There's plenty of work to be done, and a good place to start is the article "The Assassination of JFK—an Annotated Bibliography," by Professor David R. Wrone in the Autumn 1972 issue of the *Wisconsin Magazine of History.*

[LAND REFORM]

If you liked Warren Weber's recent article on Land Reform (*Ramparts,* Aug-Sept 1973), you'll be interested in a fine new newspaper called *People and Land.* The first issue declared the paper is "as yet of undetermined frequency," but a staff member suggests it will probably appear quarterly. The paper is very impressive—readable, attractive, full of good articles, as well as lists of readings and groups that deal with land reform. It is put out by a group called the Center for Rural Studies, an affiliate of the National Coalition for Land Reform. You can get on the newspaper mailing list for

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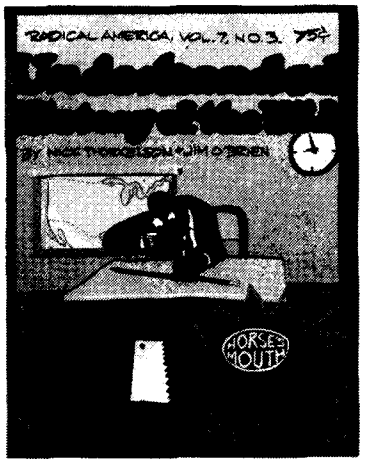
free, but the National Coalition could use a $10 contribution if you can afford it. (Write: National Coalition for Land Reform, 345 Franklin Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94102).



[AMERIKA IN KOMICS]

Radical America, a usually serious and scholarly publication, has devoted its entire Fall issue to a cartoon rendition of the major events in American history. Called the *Underhanded History of the USA,* the book was drawn by Nick Thorkelson and written by Jim O'Brien. The book somehow manages to present American history as one long outrage, and makes you laugh while doing it. Single copies of the comic book issue cost 75 cents; bulk rate, 60 cents for 10 or more. (Write: Radical America, 5 Upland Road, Cambridge, Mass. 02140.)

Another good book: R. H. Tawney and His Times; Socialism as Fellowship by Ross Terrill, published by Harvard University Press. Tawney is known for his scholarly masterpiece, Religion and the Rise of Capitalism, *but few know of Tawney's life as a leading democratic socialist thinker. Terrill, himself an activist in Australia, discusses Tawney's thought-provoking vision of community and socialist economy.*

[BLOODY CHILE]

Alejandro Stuart, whose photographs of Chile appear in this issue, returned to the States with harrowing tales of the days of terror in Santiago after the coup. Stuart apologized for not having been able to photograph scenes like the bodies he saw floating down the Mapocho River in Santiago; by way of explanation, he produced a bullet fired at him by the military when he did try to photograph some of the street action in Santiago from a window. It barely missed its target. Stuart had another close call when he was arrested one afternoon, and found himself in the cellar of the police station with his back against the wall, and a gun in his belly. When he asked his captors when he would be permitted to leave, the answer was "never." He fully expected to be executed on the spot. But a few hours later, with no explanation, he was released. Chilean friends of his were not so lucky. (He also reported hearing that hundreds of young *Campaneros* died trying to storm the headquarters of General Pinochet, the leader of the junta.)

By the way, the NACLA "Latin America and Empire Report," always an excellent publication, has a superb special volume out on the coup, including details on CIA teams stationed down there. For NACLA's *Chile: The Story Behind the Coup* write North American Congress on Latin America, Box 57 Cathedral Station, New York, N.Y. 10025; or Box 226, Berkeley, California 94701. For 1-10 copies, 75 cents each; 10-49 copies, 60 cents each, 50 or more, 50 cents a piece. Postage: 25 cents for first copy, plus 10% of price for each additional copy.

–D.S. and T.Z.

STRESS

from page 41

["NOBODY IS SAFE"]

What Bannon, ever a Ghibeline, refuses to give up is the hypothesis behind STRESS: Catch those criminals, even when the price of such eternal violence is our liberty, or our life.

Wanton violence obviously is not the only abuse inherent in such a concept. The STRESS record in its non-decoy operations, though not as jolting, is just as miasmic. Black ex-GIs, who banded together to demand jobs and other benefits, have been rousted out of bed, frisked at gunpoint and had their apartments searched—supposedly for weapons. Paroled ex-prisoners involved in prison reform groups have been followed and watched for indiscretions so they could be sent back to the joint. STRESS officers also have infiltrated the auto plants to spy on saboteurs and radical organizers.

To be sure, corruption of the undercover technique is not new in law enforcement circles. Yet STRESS is taking it one step further, like putting elevator shoes on Big Brother. Consider STRESS Crew Leader Virgil Starkey, whose crew busted up a quiet and quite-legal poker game in March, 1972. Starkey said the incident started when he became curious about a man he didn't know who entered a flat he'd never seen—because the man looked like he was carrying a gun. The STRESS officers broke into the flat and found six guys dealing out a hand of five-card stud. One nervous card player allegedly took a shot at the intruders; Starkey and his crew fired back. When the shooting stopped, one card player was dead and another paralyzed. And by that time the STRESS officers realized they'd crashed a night-out for a bunch of out-of-uniform deputies from the Wayne County Sheriff's Department. This July the same Virgil Starkey was among a select few Detroit cops honored for meritorious police work. "The point is," one critic says drily, "that nobody is safe, not even their own kind."

In Detroit, where for the past 30 months there have been more homicides per capita that anywhere else in the country, at least one in every 100 has been committed by STRESS. Yet what is really striking about STRESS is that it represents the impotency of big-city police departments to cope with street crimes that stem from poverty and narcotics addiction. Behind the Wyatt Earp bravado and flamboyant spelunking of STRESS lurks a grim, gnawing reality: The cops can't do their job.

"With units like STRESS, perhaps we are beginning to see a glimmer of light at the end of the tunnel," Commander Bannon wrote in the June 1972 issue of *The Police Chief.* But STRESS is a desperate, reckless move—a kind of "protective reaction"—to assert what police theoreticians still cherish but can no longer believe: That cops can solve problems which properly belong to the province of state legislatures and Congress. ■

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THIRD SEX

from page 26

"Oh, haven't you heard," she said, with a slight tinge of mockery in her voice, "she and 'Ti-i-im' are going off to Afghanistan together with Air." Then she laughed, and clutching my hand and kissing me good-night, made her exit.

[THE ANGELS OF LIGHT]

Jason and Vanessa and I are sitting around the kitchen table of their Haight-Ashbury commune, gobbling up the last bits of a two-in-the-morning pizza bought with a scrounged-up, end-of-the-month five dollars, talking and laughing and putting away the quart bottles of Colt-45. We're all jabbering at once about how this early morning beer and pizza reminds us of New York City. "Remember that deli on 2nd Avenue and . . . oh God, at eleven on Friday nights . . . !" This commune, which is generally made up of about six "rent payers," three men and three women, plus a fringe of family hangers-on, is one of several San Francisco households who call themselves the Angels of Light.

Jason and Vanessa's commune is a theatrical commune (they will tell you first) held together not only by love and community, but by the manic energy drives of getting these free shows together. And the nature of their theater has evolved with the people who are doing it. But the Angels have been moving farther from campy Dietrich torch-song "oldy but moldy" numbers into an enchanted and fairytale, bizarre and outer-space realm of pansexual cosmic drag. Instead of doing a goof-off Jeanette MacDonald number, now they line up in bulging red tin foil cut-outs to do the Dance of the Chili Peppers for Jivey Chives, the outer-spaced French chef, in the Kosmic Kitchen Show. There's no more need, actually, for a theater of sexual role confusion, because the sexes have pretty much already fused. The result is a mythical theater of spectacle and movement, close to the kind of theater envisioned by Antonin Artaud and Jean Cocteau.

Changes, constant changing, that's what we're talking about over this "combination" pizza. Girls aren't relegated into a second-class "fag hag" position, as they tended to be with the Cockettes, but are an equal and increasing part of the show and the lifestyle. One of the Angels, a husky voiced blond bombshell of energy and talent, just had a baby by a previously "pretty much gay" father, and now the baby is rocked back and forth on stage during each performance, everyone singing "Angel Baby, My Angel Baby." Third-sex communes such as this one have opened up whole new possibilities for childraising, so that a kid can have several mothers and fathers besides its natural ones, who are freed to explore other types of pansexual loves expressive of the phases they are going through, not making them feel compelled to endure an oppressive monogamy "just for the sake of the children, dear."

Another change, Jason tells me, is that the members of the neighboring Good Earth commune, formerly "macho to the tits," are now hanging out of doorways making passes at passing Angel boys. In this commune, everybody has made it with everybody, boys and girls, girls and girls, boys and boys. There don't seem to be any jealously guarded lover relationships between the people here, just "flings" that once flung, generally mellow out into more mature and occasional relationships. The women here share as active a part as the men in decision-making and household chores, Jason says, "Everyone cooks, everyone bakes, everyone does everything or sometimes no one does anything," but whether flying high on creativity or partying, or slung low and strung-out on drugs or inner tensions, everyone is together. Allen Ginsberg once remarked that he sees "the sexual commune as an intelligent and spiritual way of life as against a kind of dinosaur socialism run by a bunch of spiritually and sexually perverted Marxists." This commune is a case in point.

Jason and I have been boyfriends for a year now, off and on, so to speak, and it doesn't feel awkward at all for us both to be sitting here at the table talking with Vanessa, who was his girlfriend for a long while. It feels good and whole. Jason has been through a lot of changes in the past year: back to his old name from the drag name Bella Donna he used a year ago; back to blue jeans and Indian kurti's from the shredded black net hose of those days; back to a soft blond beard and increasing self-control. For a long time he lost the boy in himself to discover and express the girl; she was hot, she was outrageous. Then he ached through a flip-out reversal change, wearing T-shirts and work boots, not really sure of himself or anything, or being a boy or a girl, until he could piece back together the broken image of his masculine identity, shattered by an all too typical American family pushing him through the emotional horror show of an all too typical American high school in Rochester. Now the two sides of him, the masculine keep-things-together and walk-proud, and the feminine, soft, sensitive, and flamboyant, flow in a natural balance.

Jason is only 20, and has lived longer and deeper than many people twice his age: his days as a peroxided male hustler in New York, mental hospitals, de-tox clinics, and ripped panty-hose drag queen days in an attic room with Hybiscus when he first came to San Francisco. Vanessa is almost 26. With a wild shock of henna hair, she swabs herself in rainbow silks and velvets, wears a gold ring in her nose, and walks with the combined grace and toughness of someone waltzing through a fairy tale while simultaneously shoving through a rush-hour subway door. She's a unique blend of the cuddly and the brash, the little girl's teddy bear and the Hey-Mack-woman-who's-been-around. Her accent alone gives her story away: Brooklyn. There, she wore lipstick, stockings, and oh the smartest little pump high heels, and there she got married: "You should see the wedding pictures, with me all in white, you know, cutting the cake and all that, it's a scream!" For three years she was a Navy-wife, partly in Bermuda, doing the Whole Trip, she says, "cooking and washing and playing house, but at the same time I was heavy into politics, and turned up for all the demonstrations in D.C. and New York, I was a Navy wife member of the S.D.S., working with the anti-military off-base newspaper. Really weird. Then

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Angels of Light: Jack, Hybiscus, Tahara

DuPont Circle, 1967, I think it was, the first day of national protest against the war, I dropped acid for the first time, and after that, there was no going back to the PX." Timothy Leary once claimed that LSD could "cure" homosexuality, but listening to Vanessa, I realize how much heterosexuality it's managed to "cure" also. "I got more into radical politics, and then heavily into Women's Lib. I mean I found out there was this whole other, masculine side of me that I was never allowed to know before, and I couldn't suppress it anymore. Shaving my legs and playing housey-poo with some uptight, sexually straight guy was just . . ." She doesn't finish the sentence. It's easy to fill in.

The relationship between Jason and Vanessa, once very loving and protective, occasionally explodes now with tensions, mute silences, and all-out screaming bitch sessions. On one level, they admit, they have a negative image connection, which draws them together but keeps them battling with past parent fantasies. "It's just that she reminds me so much of my mother sometimes," Jason explains, "so red-haired and bossy and demanding, that I want to haul off and hit her, and when I do, that reminds her of her father, who always used to beat up on her, so it goes round and round." Then they take refuge in girlfriends and boyfriends and solitude.

"I just wrote a letter to my husband and told him I'm a dyke," Vanessa laughs, pouring us out another round of Colt-45. "No, I didn't say it like that, really, I just explained that I sleep with girls sometimes now and that it is part of me and that I won't repress it and that if he can't accept that about me, well, then he can't accept me. He's a hippie now, I mean, with long hair and into dope and music and Everything, but really straight macho uptight. He wrote me he is coming out to 'Frisco because he needs to see me but I just wanted to prepare him, you know, let him know about this whole gay part of me and my friends before he gets here. I want to bring him Out. He really needs it."

I wink at Jason, "Is he cute?" "Yessss. . . ," Vanessa purrs. "Well, he won't stay straight if he stays in this house very long," Jason smiles, swallowing his last bite of pizza, "I can promise you that, Miss Vanessa."

[A STRIPPING OF GEARS]

Raymond and Gregory Pickup and I are up on their studio loft on the top floor of the United Black Artists' Cooperative in San Francisco. The walls are all one big glittered and collaged scrapbook of familiar Cockette, Angel of Light, pop-star and third sex scene faces, bodies and names meshed in a gleaming funk-baroque fresco that covers almost every square inch of the studio. Everywhere there are shelves of labeled reels of tape and film, stacks and stacks of pancake film cannisters, splicers, projectors, cross-wires, microphones, amps, plug-ins: the whole inner-sanctum of a film screening and production center. The higher I get on the joint being passed around, the more the loft strikes me as a cross between the Sistine Chapel and Andy Warhol's Factory. The Sistine Factory.

Most of the people I know in San Francisco have at one time or another either lived, passed through or passed out at Gregory's studio, and the whole time Gregory and his partner, Gregory Sherman, and Raymond have been patiently filming, recording, editing,

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and finally creating their film version fantasy-documentary (the lines blur) about the third sex. This film is to be released soon and will be called *Tricks*. "Tricks," Gregory wants to make clear, "not only meaning someone you pickup and bring home to fuck but magical tricks, illusions, sexual and esthetic." The film stars Hybiscus, who set the world on fire by starting the Cockettes and Angels of Light, Allen Ginsberg, who has been for almost two decades now the Whitmanesque poet-shaman and liberator of the jammed American libido, and features original songs and lyrics sung by Country Joe MacDonald. It seems that Ginsberg has been the dreamer, and Hybiscus the full realization of his dream: the true androgyne, a breathing, seething page of illuminated Blake.

Raymond, the film's art director, is a small, extremely delicate, exquisitely beautiful boy of Shanghai colonial descent who grew up in Lisbon. When I first met Raymond three years ago, he had long straight black hair down past his waist and moved with a feline grace I had seldom seen in a boy. He was married to Linda, a five-foot-ten no-nonsense Texan, and lived with her and her daughter in the Haight. They had been married for about three years, most of which they spent sitting around the kitchen table, stringing dazzling beaded neckpieces, vests, and, once for Tina Turner, a whole beaded dress, to shimmer with the shakes of her act. They also held Open Parlor from 10 P.M. to 5 A.M. for the night-drifters of the early Haight. But it was no secret that their marriage was not exactly what would be considered now a "liberated" one. Once, Raymond says, he was just sitting there while a male friend stroked his hair and Linda barged in shrieking, "Look, I'm the policeman on these premises, and no one messes with my husband while *I'm* in control." And she was in control. "I washed the dishes, kept the house together, played daddy to her daughter, while she sat there and Held Court. If someone spilled a cup of coffee, it was always, 'Raymond, find a sponge and wipe this up, dear.' " Henpecked? Raymond had other girlfriends before Linda, but was anxious to get into a gay experience, "so once when Linda went back home to visit her parents in Lubock, I didn't miss the opportunity to make it with somebody else, another boy. I phoned her and told her and she completely freaked. 'On our *very* bed, Raymond, how could you, on *our* bed." That ended the marriage bond, and happily for Raymond, his submissive role as husband, houseboy and father.

Peter, Dorothy, Country Joe, David, Gregory, Jeremy.

RAYMOND CAMARO

When I first met Gregory Pickup a few years ago, I knew him as the boyfriend of a close friend of mine, and the category Gay had clicked in my mind, just as the category Married had clicked when I first met Raymond. Now my mind doesn't mechanically slot people into categories anymore: its gears are stripped by too many sudden shifts. Gregory is a handsome very boyish man, at heart really a kid playing with his new electric toys, but forced into the grown-up milieu of contracts and lawyers as he races around with an executive air in a faded Bob Dylan t-shirt. Now he has a girlfriend, Esterling, a charming, warm and relaxed "country girl," who seems to be a good counterpart for a high-strung film-maker. "You see," Gregory starts in, "my whole upbringing was gay. I went to Public School at Sedbergh in England, and the movie *If* doesn't begin to show half of the sex scenes that go down in places like that. My first love was Meyrick, a boy in the Lower Form, and then I lived with this maniac lover Carl, who among other things, turned me onto junk. One morning I woke up and this cat was dragging a dead bird across my chest. Well, it was all *toooo* bizarre, Carl, junk, dead birds. Then I was lovers for a whole year with, you know, David Meadows, who introduced me to Hybiscus and the whole scene here in San Francisco, but he's too busy now playing the Pretty Boy on Polk Street and running around the world chasing the Rolling Stones. He flipped out when Robin, my first girlfriend, moved in here with me, couldn't stand her, but then neither could I.

"Esterling is real for me. There can be tensions if I sleep with other boys but, hell, so does she. She doesn't tell me about it and I really don't want to know." I ask Gregory if he thinks it's possible for a pansexual person like himself to live with a completely one-sided, straight person. "No, not at all. A lot of guys are just getting into girls because they're meeting girls who sleep around with other girls, which makes them feel free and secure enough to sleep with other boys when they want to." Gregory has somehow reached the open plateau of the third sex through the chaotic making of *Tricks*, which is, he admits, if not his first love, his real obsession.

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["REACH OUT . . . IT'S HERE"]

The tape is still spinning, but I'm not talking. My mind is whirling through Escher landscapes of memories trying to find a right-side-up perspective on all of this. I can see the deserted, forlorn stage in front of Gregory's studio where Hybiscus' first shows were held, now as ghostly and littered as the Fillmore at three in the morning; I see Hybiscus huddled up in a jilaba at my house on the river typing out lyrics for a New Orleansy Cotton Club Cabaret; I see Allen Ginsberg in drag with a green wig pounding out on his harmonium a hypnotic Blakean song: "Merrily, merrily, we welcome in the year," as I dance nude with the others, swaying side to side with the mantra; I see the moon-struck eyes of Karen, who met me the first time that night, coming up to the side of the stage to ask, "Who are you, what kind of creature, what kind of world . . . ?; and I hear the birth cry of Orion, the star-child, being born, hear the happy jabbering of Christina's Air. The third sex. Has it only been happening in some back room of our mind, under the celluloid and glittered ceiling of the Sistine Factory; is it, as certain evolutionists project, the wave of the future, or with "David and Mick and Janis and Bette," just the media splash of today?

Country Joe MacDonald walks into the studio. He's smiling and friendly, but hasseled by a day of dealing with promoters and managers. He's worked closely with Gregory and Raymond on the musical soundtrack for their movie. In one of Joe's latest concerts in New York, he performed in drag. Now he's come over to screen a movie made of him doing a concert three years ago in Copenhagen. Three years ago! There he is, with modish short hair, wearing a red, white and blue spangled costume, singing in front of an over-sized American flag to crowds of cheering, young Danish faces:

Hold on, it's coming
Hold on, it's very near
Hold on, it's coming
Hold on, it's nearly here

A momentary throw-back, a three-year old bit of nostalgia that jilts my head back into perspective. I remember four years ago sitting together with my "old lady" under an American flag window curtain on a mattress in our apartment in New York listening to *Country Joe and the Fish:* "One, two, three, what are we fighting for . . . ?" feeling at the time, yes, there's all this, but much more, wondering where to begin to find the wholeness that seemed missing, but that wasn't all in political movements, wasn't all in drugs or religion or life-styles.

I glance around the room now, at Raymond on the telephone, at Gregory thumbing through photographs, at Joe collecting his film, at my own reflection in a sliver of mirror, at all the hundreds of faces beaming down at me from the wall collage. The room is smiling back at me with the sudden illumination that androgyny, as a manifestation of sexual and therefore political anarchy, is at the very root of all that the counter-culture has been striving to become, that everything so far has been a step in this direction of discovering, and of realizing the Acid Flash male-and-female One Body free-for-all of our humanness. And that a liberation that begins so closely and so deeply at the vital centers of our head, crotch and heart, at the tips of our fingers and the ends of our moppy, androgynous, anarchistic hair, can't help but ripple farther and farther outwards, past all systems and ideologies, an expansion that no government can stop because our worst oppression is our own repression. The embittered words of the Marquis de Sade to Marat in Peter Weiss' play come to mind, that until we can free ourselves from the locked cells of our own bodies, "all your revolution remains only a prison mutiny to be put down by corrupted fellow prisoners."

Three years. That's how long I've known most of these people, that's how long, through all the Norman Mailer and Germaine Greer spitball fights, the Gay Activist Forums, the parades and pamphleteering, the partying and the pain, the shows and the showdowns, that's how long I've been moving, it's been moving toward . . . the third sex. It's here. Hold on, funky, sexy, man-woman real ones, hold on Karen and Carlos, hold on Valerie and Christina, Jason and Vanessa, Gregory and Raymond, Allen and Hybiscus, you, everybody. Hold on. Reach out, It's *really* here. ■

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

(Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code)

1. DATE OF FILING: October 5, 1973
2. TITLE OF PUBLICATION: RAMPARTS
3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE: MONTHLY
4. LOCATION OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 2054 University Ave., Berkeley, Alameda County, Ca. 94704
5. LOCATION OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS
Same
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Noah's Ark Inc.
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EDITORS
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MANAGING EDITOR
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7. OWNER
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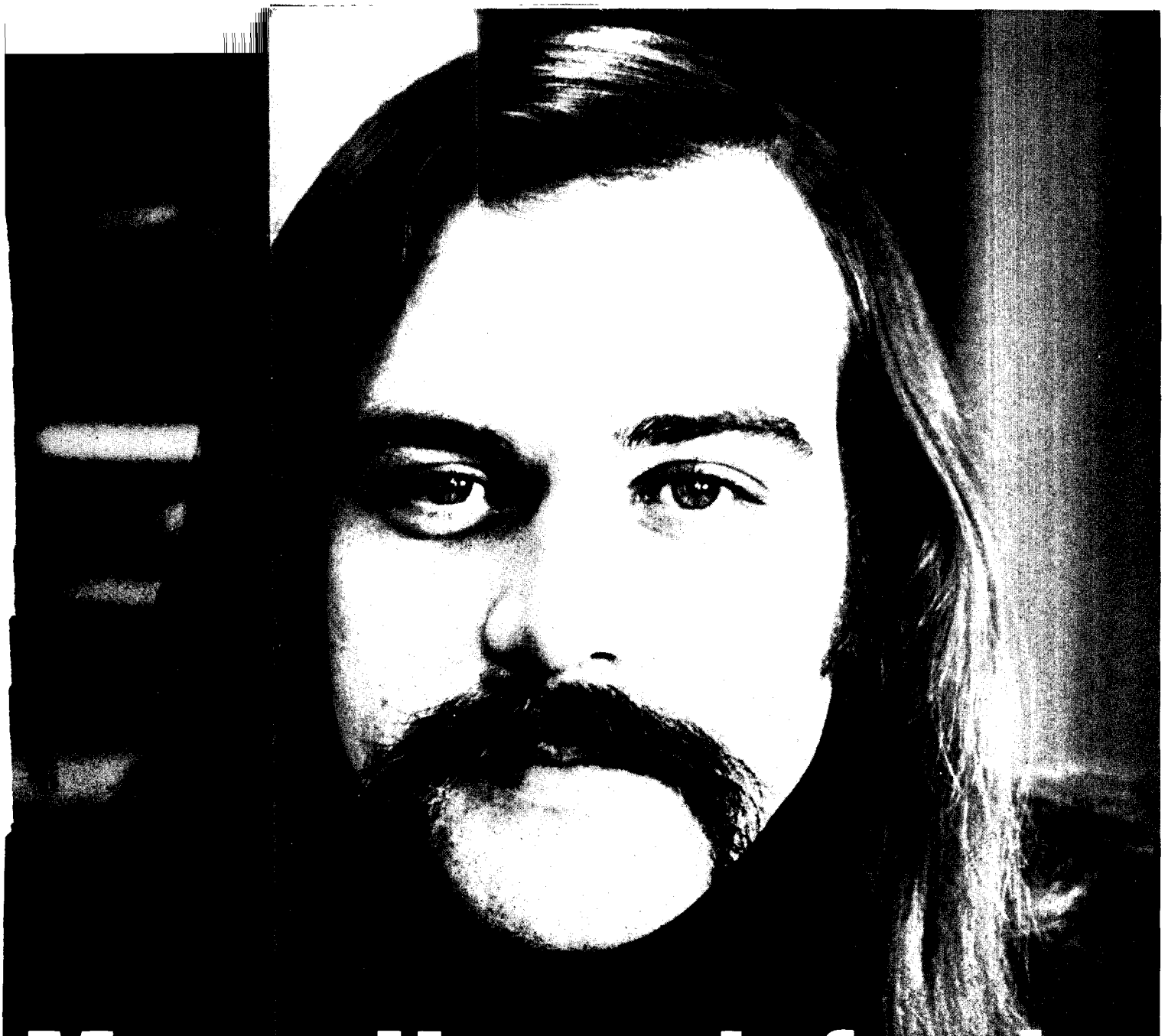

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